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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XII, No. 3.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY FATHER NICHOLAS POINT.

CHAPTER V.

Winter among lhe Cœurs d'Alène.

On the 13th of November, a sufficiently noteworthy day in the Society of Jesus, we took our departure for lands, destined to afford us the greatest trials, as well as the greatest consolation. Early on the 14th, we arrived at the domains of Stellam. Everybody came to shake hands with us, but the snow, which was falling in large flakes, helped to shorten the ceremony, as we were in a hurry to get our luggage under cover.

We landed at a spot where the lake flows out through the river of the Spokanes. Quantities of fish collect here and the Indians continue to catch them by means of a wier stretched from one bank to the other, up to January. To this facility in obtaining sustenance, a facility rendered still greater by the skill of the medicine men, do the Cœurs d'Alène owe their sluggishness and other faults derived from this; but there are good persons and customs everywhere among them. The spoils from the fishing, as well as the hunt, are divided amongst all that are hungry, whether

they have contributed to the result or not. They never begin either their fishing or hunting without invoking some one or other in whom they put their trust. Formerly, it was some manitou according to their view of a provident deity: to-day, thanks to the grace of God, which has revealed at last the truth to these poor idolaters, it is to the creator of heaven and earth, or to Jesus Christ, or to the Blessed Virgin that they betake themselves. This year for the first time they addressed themselves to the true God, to obtain assistance and to return their thanks for the success permitted to them.

The first Friday of December, one month to a day after the consecration to the Sacred Heart, the august sign of our redemption was planted on the river bank where they assemble for the fishing, not far from the house of prayer. During the ceremony, a most edifying one, the Cœurs d'Alène came and kissed the sacred emblem, exclaiming "Jesus, I give you my heart!" The priest chanted: "O crux, ave spes unica." "Hail, holy cross, our only hope"—and the entire people repeated this after him. From this out there was no longer any of the questionable amusements in which they had been wont to indulge, nor any of the diabolical incantations, which once found favor with them. To these and their cult of the manitou, succeeded the worship of the true God—and these mountain heights often re-echoed to the chant of sacred canticles.

Under such circumstances, one might have expected these new children of the faith to have experienced even temporal blessings in excess of those heretofore enjoyed. On the contrary, to the great surprise of the good neophytes, the cross seemed to have removed both fish and game from these regions, which were so well stocked with both at the corresponding time the year before, and a feeling the best calculated to restore to the spirit of lies his old adorers began to obtain. What could be the cause of a result so different from what had been looked for? A victorious solution was earnestly desired to this query. The missionary priest could only ascribe it to some secret ad-

herence on the part of a few to their old practices in opposition to the good faith of the majority—and if such there was, it was highly necessary to discover and remove it for the glory of God, and the greater good of souls. He expatiated on the crime of hypocrisy, setting forth the efforts which the wicked one would make to retain them in his meshes, and depicting the serpent in the terrestrial Eden and the temptation of Jesus Christ, he set forth in glowing colors the tricks of him, whom the scripture calls the father of lies, and, on the other hand, the rigor of the divine justice toward those, who lend ear to his deceptive promises. As a result, every day there was brought to the missionary's tent to be cast into the fire a medicine-bag, or some superstitious trifle like a feather, the tail of an animal, or what had been retained in the possession of those who had adopted the worship of the true God. This continued up to the Purification, a day to be noted as that on which it could at length be said: "The tree of death has been cut down to its very roots." To ensure credit to their superstitious practices in the midst of the dearth, which was making itself felt, the foremost of the medicine men exultingly proclaimed that on one day after an invocation of the manitou one hundred and eighty roe bucks fell before their arrows. To this taunt the believing Indians were enabled to retort: "And we, almost without using gun or arrow, by the power of Him who has created and redeemed the world, have struck down in six hours no less than three hundred."

Polygamy. — The low sports and idolatry of the Indians had yielded to grace; but an enemy still more redoubtable remained to be conquered. This was polygamy. Deprived of the light of faith, and possessed of but little in point of reason, these poor blinded creatures were scarcely less dissolute in their morals than they were insensate in their beliefs. Thus to leave one wife, to take another, or to have several of them at the same time, was with them so common an occurrence, that a father for the merest trifle would

give his daughter to a man already having a number of wives. The chiefs set the example in this shameful traffic. One of them with three wives was married to a woman, who had formerly been the wife of his own brother, and she gave to him in marriage two of her daughters. Stellam had, in point of fact, but one, though her youthfulness was sufficient proof that she was not the first. Moreover, as avaricious as he was vile, he gave consent for his niece's marriage with a man, who had already espoused and dismissed a number of wives, on the payment of a horse. So one can easily conjecture that polygamy with the Cœurs d'Alène, if not regarded as extremely honorable, was extensively practised. To induce such people to act more in accordance with reason, it was necessary to employ all possible indulgence: and notwithstanding this, the difficulty of getting them to do right was incredible. Two days after Christmas, the principal polygamists heard again from the mouth of the missionary the conditions on which alone they could be admitted to the sacrament of baptism, and the great motives which should lead them to avail themselves of such a favorable opportunity. Thereupon Montesalem arose and unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed amid his sobs: "My brothers, I want to save my soul: let us listen to the voice of God. Do as I am going to do." His example was so contagious, that they all followed it except one, and he deferred doing so for a few days, only in order to better repair the effects of his scandal. Of the three chiefs who were not present, one after a night of serious reflection came to the best possible conclusion; the second was assisted in his doubts by the voluntary withdrawal of one of his wives: and the third, despite himself, was destined to help to the good of the community by evidencing the manner in which God punishes even in this world hardened hearts: for in a short time by gaming or unexpected misfortunes, he lost half his fortune, and if his two wives remained, it only showed the excess, of which women are capable, who prefer to God's friendship half of a man's heart.

Christmas Night.—From the beginning of the mission, the holy mysteries had been celebrated in an enclosure large enough for all the catechumens who came three times daily, either to pray or to hear the word of God. It was under a roof much like that which protected the Holy Infant, that light began to glimmer in the darkness of their minds. For midnight Mass, the place was hung with garlands of green and mats covered the ground, and various pictures, representing the different mysteries were hung about. At midnight, there was a rattling fire of musketry, announcing that the house of prayer was open for the piety of these new children of the faith. Crowds of adorers hastened to prostrate themselves in the temple of the Infant God, and filled with sweetest emotion at the sight of the brightness in the middle of the dark night, they cried out: "Jesus, I give you my heart."

The baptism of the adults, which was to be administered solemnly on the feast of the Circumcision, found in these Christmas days of devotion an excellent preparation; but as usual the days of grace, which preceded that ceremony were not without their severe temptations.

The wretched Stellam, from the first of these days, opposed himself to the work of God, either contradicting the missionary, or recalling the happy times, when he could spend his life in enjoyments. Never had his attacks been more hostile. One day, he told the missionary that a Protestant chief had told him that thirty men of his sect would make him pay for the deference, with which he heard the words of his minister and those of theirs. This was a pure invention on his part. When discovered to be such, and his news had been treated as it deserved, he was not disconcerted, but pretended to be very repentant, and, as a proof of his devotedness, he told the missionary that there was some secret opposition to the truth, and that the fire of superstition had been re-enkindled. He acted with such apparent sincerity, that the missionary went to his tent, to consult with him some means of doing away with this apostasy. He was well received, but when he said, "Come, let

us go at once," the devoted friend beat a retreat, giving it to be understood that the affair would be much better without him than with him. The missionary then took his leave, accompanied by two young savages. They arrived at the camp ground and made suitable representations. To their reasonings there was offered no opposition but that of absolute silence. The young savages who had accompanied the Father put out the fires, and the Father himself withdrew. But scarcely had he disappeared before Stellam arrived. And for what? To rekindle the extinguished brands. He did more; he presided at the assembly of apostates, and sung there with more vigor than ever the diabolical cries of his old cult. But neither his cries, nor his gestures, nor his invocations, nor any of the things, which his imagination could add, was of avail in arousing the powers, formerly so potent, of his manitous.

To the reproaches made to him for conduct in such contradiction to his promises of the night before, he merely answered, laughing, "I did not know I was doing anything wrong, but since you say I was, I won't do so any more." For the honor of his relatives, we hasten to add that they were among the first to express the strongest disapproval of such conduct. For a long while, his wife, the jewel of our catechumens, had only awaited her husband's conversion, to become baptized: two of his sisters were among the first to receive baptism, and were remarkable for their many virtues. The son of Martha, one of them, was gifted with all the qualities held most in honor among the Indians, and was the first of the catechumens to take part in the instruction of others. In reward for his zeal, the missionary had given him the glorious name of Vincent at his baptism. Let us hope that some day these good examples will succeed in recalling to a sense of duty the unfortunate chief, whose vagaries we so deplore. The young people have been the greatest help to us in assisting to instruct the others. With their aid we often saw the poorest memories learn all that was prescribed. One of them learned in one night all the necessary prayers. She assisted her memory in this

wise. She had as many little sticks in her hand as she had words to learn—and after learning one word she would drive a stick in the ground, and after learning another, would stick in a second; and so on, until she had learned them all. Then she would take up the first stick, repeating the word, and then with the whole series, until by dint of repeating this proceeding she contrived to learn them all. Sometimes one would come to the tent of the examiner, accompanied by a child or grand-child, and when the memory would fail, the eyes of the old man would rove towards the little one, as if begging it to have compassion on him and help him. By this means, they soon were nearly all acquainted with the prayers. Then it was necessary to learn their dispositions of heart, which was done in this way. Three days before the baptism, the name of the catechumen was read out morning and evening in the chapel, and each one who was present, when he heard his name thus called, had to rise. Then the whole assembly was told that if they knew any impediment to the baptism of the person so called out, he should tell the priest of it. On the last day, there was a meeting of all the chiefs, and each one was asked what he thought, and they would confirm the testimony of the assembly. Seventy-nine adults were finally admitted to baptism on the feast of the Circumcision. Nothing had been omitted, to render the ceremony an imposing one, and thanks to Heaven, it seemed worthy of God's gaze.

But what was pleasing to God, was not so, at all, to the enemy of mankind. On the very evening of the great solemnity, we learned that Steltam had made more complaints than ever, saying, among other vicious remarks, that he was glad he was not to be baptized, since baptism instead of giving life, as we had said, made people die: that among the Flat-heads many had died after it, and that Gabriel, one of the first baptized, was at the point of death, and Stephen also, as well as many others. As many of the Indians had in truth, died the first year of our mission among the Flat-heads and Gabriel and Stephen were really sick, we feared

that such talk would shake the faith of those who were not very strong. Providence came to our help, for Gabriel and Stephen, who were sick enough to receive the last Sacraments, had such faith, that after Extreme Unction they were both cured, and moved about. So the sacrament of the sick did not make people die —a fortiori, Baptism would not do so. And besides the two sick men who had just been cured, not one of the old men who were baptized the preceeding year had died, but all enjoyed the best of health. So the whole weight of these truths fell on the author of the contrary saying, not to punish him, although he deserved punishment, but to determine him at last, to surrender to the solicitations of grace. From that time the contradictory chief dared no more to run counter to the general belief.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM APRIL FIRST TO JULY FIRST.

St. Mary's, New York (April 1–15).—This is one of the oldest churches in the city, coming in order of time next to St. Patrick's. The congregation was formed about sixty years ago. Few, who saw the modest beginnings of the third parish in New York, could have imagined its present flourishing state, much less the gigantic growth of Catholicity about the city. Forty thousand baptisms have been performed in St. Mary's alone since the first pastor was installed. No wonder then that native born Catholics are so numerous in New York. Amongst the older Catholics there is a great attachment to St. Mary's; all are reluctant to leave its neighborhood, when bid to do so by the march of trade. Still the congregation is large, notwithstanding the inroads of business. Even now the five zealous priests at work here have more than they can do.

There were eleven thousand Communions, a thousand

more than at the last misssion we gave in this place, two years ago. We hope the good will be more lasting, as special efforts were made to increase the sodalities and other societies. These keep up the good work done in a mission. It is common enough to find societies for women, who, as a rule, do not need them so much, but the poor men, and the young men, particularly, are neglected. "I send my daughters to a Catholic school," said a northern Protestant to one of Ours. "Why don't you send your sons to a Catholic college?" "Ah! the boys," said he, "they'll go to hell any how." It is true that the philosophy of this answer has no weight with any priest; but the difficulties, real or imaginary, prevent many good priests from undertaking any work for men in the way of sodalities. "What's the use? the thing will be a failure." And yet at the mission the men did remarkably well. As many Communions were distributed to them, as to the women.

On the last day of the mission, Archbishop Corrigan administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to four hundred and sixty-nine adults. Seventy of these had been prepared for first Communion during the exercises. A Jew and a Jewess were confirmed. This fact is mentioned, not that the Fathers had anything to do with their conversion, but as a sign of the lifting of the veil from the eyes of some poor wanderers.

The Archbishop made a very instructive address to the candidates upon the importance of the Sacrament, and then alluded quite affectionately to the two jubilees, the one at St. Joseph's church in the city, the other of the Society of the Province. He spoke at length of the great labors of Ours in early days for the Catholics of New York; how the first sacraments were administered by Father Jogues, when a guest here after his ransom from the Indians; how Frs. Gage and Harrison under Governor Dongan had a school and congregation. Coming down to more modern times, he spoke of Fathers Kohlmann and Fenwick, the former having baptized the Cardinal, and afterwards been his director at the Propaganda for years. Nor did he omit to speak most kindly of the Society of the present day.

Among the results of our work, it is agreeable to state that a number of marriage cases were settled. Nineteen Protestants were received into the Church, and four others left under instruction.

Our thanks are due to Frs. Rapp, Toner, and O'Leary of Ours for their help. The priests of the parish, Frs. Hughes, Gleason, Dunphy, and Parks were most kind in their attention, and, what we like above all, most ready in the confessional.

Fr. Langcake gave the mission to the children the week before the other Fathers arrived. This was a good move, as it made the parents aware of what was coming.

St. Patrick's, Hartford, Conn. (April 22nd–May 6th).—Catholicity has not a remote antiquity in Hartford. In 1837, when the first church was built, there was a mere handful of worshippers. Now the faithful number on to fifteen thousand, having two churches and a magnificent cathedral. The Catholics are about a third of the population, and yet two thirds of the births are of Catholic parents. Divorce and its attendant evils are the canker on the home life of the Protestants. More than half of their marriages in Hartford last year were offset by so many divorces. Generally the rate is not so high, though high enough, ranging from ten to fourteen per cent. The great wealth of the city, and the consequent facilities for evil courses, may give it its unenviable position. Other causes explain the birth rate in favor of the Catholics. Hartford is a fine city and very rich. The state capitol is a magnificent building of white marble, and for light, air, good taste, and cleanliness is far ahead of most of our public edifices. Immense sums of money are invested in the insurance business in Hartford. The other industries, common in New England towns, are not so flourishing here as in other places, because the millionaires do not encourage them. Such things are too plebeian.

The mission was very consoling. The services were always crowded at night. The men did very well. There

have been schools in the parish for twenty-five years, and they tell a great deal in time of a mission.

The results were 7000 Communions; first Communion of adults, 43; Confirmation of adults, 170; Baptisms of adults, 2; left under instruction, 2.

The Church of St. Patrick's is a large and expensive building of Portland stone, as it now stands. The first edifice was burned down in 1875, after having done good service for twenty-five years.

During the work at Hartford by Frs. Maguire, Langcake, Kavanagh, and Morgan, a mission was given at NORWOOD and WEST ROXBURY in Massachusetts by Father Hamilton. A great deal of good was done. Two maried women who had been brought up Protestants, although baptized Catholics, were reconciled to the Church. Many hardened sinners went to their confession. There were fourteen hundred Communions. Two adults received baptism.

ST. JOSEPH'S, PROVIDENCE, R. I. (May 13-27). — This church of Ours has been greatly improved since the last mission, two and a half years ago. Perhaps, on the day of its dedication thirty years ago, when it was fresh from the hands of the builders it did not appear neater and more devotional than now. The restoration effected by Fr. Cleary is most thorough. The congregation meanwhile has done well. The sodalities are doing good, and will do more good hereafter with the large increase brought about (two hundred and fifty members) by the mission. The school for girls is in a good state. The people are most willing to send their children, being not so much led by worldly motives as are Catholics in other places. It is to be regretted that the boys as yet have no school. In a short time they will be provided for.

During the exercises, the usual sermons and instructions were given. The night service, of course, was always better attended. The morning instructions, however, considering the occupations of the people, had good audiences.

On the last day, May 27th, there was a reception into the

sodality. This was a most edifying sight, a most loving tribute to our Lady during her blessed month.

There were nearly six thousands Communions, a much larger number than in any former mission. About twenty persons were prepared for Confirmation. An adult was baptized, and two others were left under instruction.

Not unfrequently missionaries are bothered by crazy, or drunken persons. If there are any in a parish, and there are always some, they show themselves during a mission. Now it is a crank, who may ask you to read a poem devoid of terminal facilities; now a man too deep in his cups, to make a confession, wants to tell you his whole life. One day at Providence, a drunken fellow stretched himself at full length in the church, and when requested to move on, begged to be allowed to die before the altar. He was told to go outside and bid farewell to this nether world. He yielded immediately, went out of the church, but forgot to die. J. A. M.

St. Mary's, Boston. — On May 13th, Father Kavanagh began a one week's mission for the married women of St. Mary's Boston. This mission was given under the auspices of the Married Women's Sodality. There were about fifteen hundred present every night, and at the Mass, which was followed by a sermon, there were every morning about one thousand. In a parish, so well worked up as St. Mary's is, one would not expect to find many long cases, yet there were enough; I do not think it fair, however, to give St. Mary's credit for all of them, for they came from other parishes. One woman when asked "when were you at confession last?" answered, "never." "How old are you?" "forty-three." It was about time to go, sure enough. She had four children, the youngest only was baptized. The other three, one over twelve, one going on nine, the other over six, were baptized during the mission. The Fathers of the house, six in number, heard confessions all the week. The number of Communions was over seven thousand. I do not wish any one to think these were all married women;

as the last day of the mission, May 20th, was also the last day of Easter time, we heard all who came. Those who attended the mission were warned to get through before Saturday, so as to leave that day for those who had not yet made their Easter duty. At the close, we had a reception of new members; one hundred and ninty-five were received. Among these were several of the "quality" who could not be prevailed upon to join before. By far the greater number were young married women. As a general thing, several imagined that the Married Ladies' Sodality is only for old women, and so kept aloof. They were told they were the ones most wanted, and they nobly responded to the call.

The sodalities of St. Mary's are all in a flourishing condition. The Married Ladies now number over seven hundred and fifty. With such mothers as these must be, the faith will surely not be lost. There is a Married Men's sodality, Young Ladies' sodality, a Boys' sodality, and a Girls' sodality. In fact, nearly all the parish are enrolled under Mary's banner, and all have their Sunday every month for communion.—On the last night of the mission as I was blessing religious articles, a young woman came to have her ring blessed. I asked her if it was her marriage ring; she said it was. "Did you loose the one you were married with?" I asked. "No," she said, "I was married by a Protestant minister. I am a Protestant," "Is your husband a Protestant?" "No." "When will you become a Catholic?" "I don't know, but I want my ring blessed." In hopes that Almighty God would give her the grace of true faith, I did so, and she went away rejoicing. Just as I returned to the house, I was called to the parlor. I found a lady there who could not go home till she would let me share in her joy. She had been to confession some days before, and spoke of her husband who had not been to confession for some years and wanted advice what to do. I told her to tell him I wanted to see him. "It's no use, Father, he won't come." "Tell him I want to see him," I repeated; and dismissed her. When she got home she told him that I wanted

to see him. "What for?" he asked. "To go to confession, of course," she replied. Then she began to coax him to go, until he said he would, and he did. She gave me the credit, and wanted me to know the result, that I too might rejoice with her in her great joy.

St. David's, Rockland, Maine.—Frs. Maguire and Kavanagh began a mission here on June 10th. The work lasted for a week. The pastor, Fr. Peterson, considered four hundred communicants as the limit of his congregation; but the people came from distant places, and the result was nearly five hundred at the Holy Table. There were some persons who lived from four to ten miles from the church. They would come and stay for a day in town, to make the mission. All showed the best of dispositions. One could hardly blame those, who had been negligent in their duties (and this was their greatest sin), when one considers the distance from a church, and the bad country roads. Unfortunately, the children are not attended to, being so far away; but we could not be expected to do much with them. I prepared privately three persons for first Communion. The ages of two of these were, respectively, twenty-five and twenty-eight years. One had never been to confession; another had not been for a long time. One, a poor girl, lived four miles from the church, and as her mother was dead, the work of the house fell upon her. These duties kept her from Sunday school. She knew almost nothing. I told her if she studied her catechism, and came back next day, I would let her make her first Communion. I was surprised next day to find that she knew her catechism well, notwithstanding my long questioning on the matter.

At Thomastown, where Fr. Kavanagh gave a retreat of three days, all came. Over a hundred received holy Communion. I had to hear a blind woman who came ten miles, to make the mission. The pastor puts the number of his people here at a hundred; so we must suppose all attended.

It was indeed consoling to see how anxious they were to benefit by the grace offered them. The results do not show the work done. The number of people is small; still we have to work harder, as we have to do everything ourselves.

At Damariscotta Mills, where we began a mission on Sunday, June 17th, we had nearly a hundred communicants. Whilst Fr. Maguire finished at Rockland, Fr. Kavanagh opened the exercises here. The church, St. Patrick's, is built of brick and is of some note. This sacred edifice was erected at the expense of Mr. Kavanagh [1] and another gentleman. The priest who used to attend the Indians, would come here, when they were out on the hunt. Bishop Cheverus used to spend considerable time here. Miss Kavanagh, seventy-seven years of age, the 24th of June, 1883, and daughter of the gentleman above mentioned, gives many interesting details of these things. She is a staunch Catholic of the old school, and is as anxious for the welfare of the Church and the spiritual good of the people as any one can be. Were it not for her, Catholicity would not be able to contend with the difficulties to be met with here. The pastor comes once a month, but should any priest wish to rest here, he is always welcome. Whenever one comes, the people are immediately notified by Miss Kavanagh that Mass will be said. Thus she spends her life in good deeds. The incense I used at Benediction, this good lady told me, has been in her house for sixty years; it was got when the church was dedicated. Many other interesting things might be said, but other duties demand my attention.

The people, although receiving so little attention, are the most fervent Catholics I have ever met. They are always ready to come to church, when they know a priest is here. During the mission all attended the exercises splendidly; some came ten miles and remained the whole day, returning home at night.

To sum up the results: Communions at Rockland, 475;

[1] Once governor of the State of Maine, and again U. S. Minister to Portugal.

Communions at Thomaston, 109; Communions at Damariscotta, 90.—Total, 684.

There were three adults prepared for holy Communion. A child three years old was baptized. Two marriage cases were left in the hands of the pastor.

NEWBURYPORT. — Fr. Langcake gave a week's retreat (June 10–17), to the young men of the parish. There were two hundred and twenty-five Communions.

WOODSTOCK, N. BRUNSWICK.—Frs. Maguire and Kavanagh opened a mission in St. Gertrude's church on June 24th. This parish has been lately divided, and the pastor estimates the number of his people at six hundred. It would be hard to say how nearly correct this is, as we had persons from all directions and distances; from near the church to Mc Adam's Junction, which I take to be sixty or seventy miles away. It was nothing to come eight, ten, twelve, sixteen, and twenty miles distance. The greater part came and staid at a hotel, while the mission lasted. Those from a less distance, if they had a horse, came to church and returned home every day. Some walked from home distances of twelve and sixteen miles. No one thought anything of walking four or five miles, fasting, and then returning home the same morning. On the last Sunday of the mission, an old woman walked six miles fasting, in order to receive holy Communion, which she did at 11 o'clock Mass, and then walked home without breaking her fast. The pastor was looking for her after Mass, to give her some breakfast, but she got away before he met her.

From such facts you may see that plenty of good will was shown. The good done will make the angels of God rejoice. Confessions from one month to forty years in length were listened to, and promises of amendment, received. The best of dispositions was shown on all sides. There were nine hundred Communions. Twenty-one persons of adult age were prepared for their first Communion, and many more were left with the pastor to be properly instructed.

H. K.

Since Easter the work has been hard enough and withal very consoling. The results are quite flattering : Communions, 26,474 ; Adults, prepared for first Communion, 161 ; Adults for Confirmation, 659 ; Baptisms, 22 ; Persons left under instruction for Baptism, 8. The results for the year have been considerably ahead of any figures so far given : Communions, 128,659 ; Frst Communion of adults, 888 ; Confirmation af adults, 2,389 ; Baptism of heretics, 108 ; Baptism of children, (neglected) 21. Left under instruction for Baptism, (adults), 36.

Since the last papers and documents were sent to Rome, six years ago, the Fathers have given missions in nearly all the large cities of the East, and in San Francisco and Denver in the West. Occasionally, a band of Tertians has helped them, or worked independently. The sum total of all the missions given by the Fathers and their assistants will, no doubt, be interesting :

Communions, 618,679 ; First Communion of adults, 4075 ; Confirmation of adults, 6,914 ; Baptism of adults, 993 ; Baptism of children neglected, 149 ; Persons left under instruction for Baptism, 187 ; Marriages settled, 250.

JUBILEE OF THE PROVINCE.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, NEW YORK. [1]

This modest and belated little chronicle intended to memorize the Golden Jubilee of the Province as celebrated in our grand new church at New York, owes its untimely appearance to a strong desire expressed by many of "Ours" for a notice fuller and more circumstantial than the mere meagre newspapers report transplanted to the pages of the last series of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

The extract in question, though in point of facts correct, was not of unquestionable parentage. It is no marvel that its birth should beget in turn a spirit of scepticism. Newspaper reports of ecclesiastical functions, not to speak of newspaper versions of sermons, are likely (unfortunately) to mystify antiquarians yet unborn, but are not calculated to over-awe a modern reader. Always unreliable, often grotesque, sometimes they are absolutely stunning! Imagine, for example, the following announcement which actually figured in that king of "Dailies" — *The New York Herald*— on Sunday, March 25th 1883:—

"On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the Catholic Church in the Province of Maryland will be celebrated at St. Francis Xavier's in this city, and the Rev. Robert Fulton of Brooklyn is announced to deliver the sermon."

The elucidation of a joke—even an involuntary one—is always dis-enchanting, yet we feel that perhaps we ought to risk something in charity to those of our Brethren who know not New York, and explain that the Brooklyn divine mentioned above is a notorious, litigious, red-hot Protestant demagogue with an orange complexion of exceeding fierceness.

[1] Received too late for our last number.

Evidently the genius who concocted this Bulletin was laboring under midnight influences very deeply mixed, indeed. Let us, however, return to sober narrative.

We prepared for the Jubilee with hearty good-will; in proof of which we urge the unanswerable plea that whereas the Provincial's letter of instruction left it optional to adopt either a preparatory Novena or a Triduum, we took both. There was a novena of prayers and a Triduum of sermons and Benedictions. The preachers were the Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. McKinnon. The musicial portion of these services was given by a volunteer choir, who with good reason invoked the spirit of St. Cecilia. At St. Francis Xavier's we are blessed with two choirs, to quote the definition of our Scholastics, one is the surplice choir and the other, the surplus. The former appear in soutanes and the latter, not.

The generous souls who patronized the novena gained their indulgences with comparative ease; not so those who repressed their fervor until the shorter Triduum. These had to battle with angry hurricanes and rain and hail, wading ankle deep in streams, for precisely at the time of Divine Service a deluge broke over the city, each evening, punctually.

"It never rains but it pours" in New York, and this was our experience, not only during the Triduum materially, but also on the Feast itself spiritually, for the Jubilee celebration coincided with the annual Forty Hours' devotion, and the ceremonies were consequently protracted indefinitely. Holy souls who daily pray that the years of Archbishop Corrigan may be prolonged upon the earth felt grateful that he should be spared the ordeal of pontificating at such a function. Long before the promulgation of the Jubilee he was engaged to preach another Jubilee sermon—the fiftieth anniversary of our neighbor Parish (St. Joseph's). It is, however, due to his Grace and to ourselves to record that his inability to be with us was a real disappointment to himself and that he went out of his way, to testify his love by speaking in his sermon at St. Joseph's in the most

cordial manner of the Society of Jesus and her work in New York. The Cardinal was quite too feeble to venture out; hence our festivites were exclusively *en famille*. Rev. Fr. Rector was celebrant, Fr. Thiry, Deacon, Dominus Hart, subdeacon; Fr. Campbell was ceremoniarius; Fr. Bradley was door-keeper. An immense congregation was present. We were obliged to make use of the Triforium which accommodated at least five hundred men with standing room. Every available space in the church was filled. The sermon by the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial was a characteristic one. In his own easy, flowing, epigramatic style he reviewed the Jesuit missions from their Maryland cradlings to the Jubilee of their golden manhood, this day; dwelling especially on the life, labors and gifts of the venerable pioneer, Fr. White.

The music was an orchestral Mass of the famous Carl Freith, lately composed "*in honorem S. Joseph.*" After the Mass there was a procession of the Most Adorable Sacrament, the Fathers and Scholastics accompanying: little white-clad innocents strewed the way of our Lord with fresh cut flowers and the choir sang superbly a *capella*—that is to say, without accompaniment. The effect was very touching: we, nevertheless, may be permitted to suggest that interludes by the organ and orchestra between the verses of the *Pange Lingua* would have greatly enhanced the impressiveness thereof. Let us hope that this hint may not be forgotten on future occasions. After the Procession the litanies were chanted and the long, long service came to an end with the truly magnificent *Te Deum* of De Witt. It was verily amazing to witness the constancy of the people. Very few left until all was over, and that was not until after two o'clock.

The brilliant *Te Deum* had the desirable effect of sending every one away in high good humor, doubtless strengthened to bear the mortification of spoiled dinners and to brave the wrathful reception of awaiting house-wives.

Thus it is that jubilation and tribulation have ever to meet and kiss each other.

ST. PETER'S, JERSEY CITY.

The Golden Jubilee of the Society was celebrated in our Church with a grandeur and a solemnity never exceeded in the history of a church, which for the pomp of its ceremonial is unapproached by any other house of worship in the city. All the the other Catholic churches in Hudson County regard St. Peter's, not only as a mother, but also a model. No effort was spared, to do all honor to the Society, and to make this a day, which the memory of our people would not willingly let die.

The preparatory Novena in honor of St. Joseph was conducted by the Rev. R. Brady, S. J. The crowded attendance, the fervor of the people and the eleven hundred Communions were a gratifying testimonial of the devotion of our parishioners to the Patron of the Universal Church. On the Sunday preceding the Festival, two thousand hand-bills hand been distributed; so that we were not surprised to see the church thronged at the 10.30 Mass of Jubilee. A cordial invitation had been tendered to his Grace, Archbishop Corrigan of N. Y., to deliver the discourse for the occasion. Unfortunately, a prior engagement precluded the possibility of his honoring us with his presence. We then addressed ourselves to the Right. Rev. Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn. He answered Rev. Fr McQuaid, that having announced Confirmation for that day, he feit compelled to forego the pleasure which a visit to St. Peter's would afford him, but that on any other occasion he would be much gratified to welcome a similar request. Loth to relinquish all hope of realizing our anticipations of a grand celebration, we extended our invitation to the V. Rev. F. W. Keegan, vicar General of the same diocese, one of the veteran graduates of "Old St. John's," who ever keeps in memory's hall a favorite niche for Alma Mater and the sons of Loyola. He was only too happy to be at liberty to pay a tribute of respect and affection to the Society. After the first Gospel, he ascended the pulpit and selecting for his text the words

of St. Luke, vi, 28: "Consider the lilies of the field," etc., and having dilated on the providence of God, who, in His watchful care, forgets not the tiniest grain of sand, he paid an elaborate tribute to the triumphs of the Society, which, under the special providence of God, has achieved such marvels in the walks of religion, art and science. He traced the likeness of the Society of Jesus, to Him whose name is its watchword and its reward; in its cradle it shared the meagreness of Bethlehem; its growth was shadowed by the gloom of Calvary; its shoulders had been galled by the wood of the cross; it had descended into the darkness and coldness of the sepulchre, and after a brief triduum had again illumined the world and confounded its enemies by the blaze of its risen glory. This jubilee was not a barren cycle traced only in the heavens by the hand of time, but a centenary of years written on the fairest pages of history and inscribed upon the grateful memory of the thousands, whose minds had been enlightened, whose souls had been saved from sin, and hearts from harm.

The Mass was Haydn's Grand Imperial, preluded by Meyerbeer's Processional March. After the Epistle the choir rendered with beautiful effect: "Te, Joseph, celebrent" by Gottschalk; at the Offertory we were treated to Bergé's "Ave Maria." The Holy Sacrifice was offered up by the very Rev. Father Thomas, Provincial of the Passionists, assisted by Rev. F. A. Smith S. J., as Deacon and Mr. William Quigley, S. J., as Subdeacon, and Mr. F. D. Brady, S. J., as Master of ceremonies. When, at the conclusion of the Mass, the full choir with accompaniment of violin and piano caught up the inspired pæan and pealed forth its grand hosannas, it seemed as though some being of holier heart and heavenly voice had descended from a higher sphere, to give a tongue to the emotions of many hearts, and embracing in one grand, solemn symphony the minor melodies of earth, to return and lay at the feet of our King the combined jubilee of Loyola's sons, and of those to whose salvation they had consecrated their lives.

At the grand pontifical Vespers, the sanctuary was aglow

with the light of many tapers. The altar of St. Joseph, for whose statue the parting sun-gleams had just woven a mantle of gold, while the hands of the twilight were fringing each fold, was profusely adorned with bouquets of natural flowers relieved by the gleam of the branched candelabra and the mellow lustre of the lighted tapers. The main altar, rich in mosaics, shone with the radiance of a hundred lights, and in their midst flickered gracefully the illumined monogram "Jesus." The choir, with accompaniment, rendered with exquisite taste Gounod's processional March Pontifical; Mercadante's "Domine ad adjuvandum," and "Dixit Dominus;" Mozart's "Magnificat;" Giorza's "Regina Cœli," and Berge's "Tantum," concluding with a Jubilee Grand March by our organist, Mr. W. Dressler. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wigger of Newark delivered a touching discourse upon devotion to St. Joseph. The church was crowded. The Rt. Rev. Bishop intoned the vespers; he was attended by Rev. J. Jerge, S. J., as Assistant Priest, Rev. F. Fullerton, S. J., as Deacon, and Mr. Wm. Quigley, S. J., as Subdeacon. Take the celebration for all in all, we may not expect to see its like again until, perhaps, the day when the mother's centenary shall be followed by the daughter's Golden Jubilee, on the day of her consecration in 1884.

FATHER ANDREW WHITE'S NOVICE-HOME.

Near the *Chateau Cæsar*, or "Castrum Cæsaris," Louvain, high up on Mont-Cæsar, stand three or four private dwellings, and a ruined stable. Few, even among the students of Louvain, know that these dwellings occupy the site of the old English Jesuit Novitiate, and that the stable itself was once a part of that hallowed house. When our English Fathers were driven from their own country, in 1607, they rented a house on Mont-Cæsar, and used it for a Novitiate. This Novitiate was opened by Father Parsons, in the same year, with six priests, two scholastics, and five lay-brothers. God gave this Novice-Home a singular and wonderful benediction.—He gave it an Apostle and a Martyr. While Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, occupied the Chateau Cæsar, near him, in the humble Jesuit Novitiate, Andrew White, the future "Apostle of America," and Thomas Garnett, a future Martyr, were passing their days of probation in prayer, penance and manual labors. As O'Neill spent several months on Mont-Cæsar, and knowing him to be the great Catholic hero of his time, we may take it for granted that he often visited the exiled English priests, and that he often saw the novices, White and Garnett. How proud the old chieftain would have felt had the future destiny of these two young men been revealed to him.

Father White began his novitiate on the 1st day of February, 1607. Besides Garnett, Father White had for a fellow-novice, the illustrious Father Henry More, the historian of the English Province, and the great-grandson of the martyred Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. Among Confessors for the Faith, among the descendants, the near relatives of martyrs, the future "Apostle of America" laid the foundation of his religious perfection, and caught the flame that burned in his great heart as he traversed the forests, or sailed the rivers of the New World.

Father More faithfully described White's Novice-Home as seated on "high ground, commanding the whole city; below was a walled garden, and on the slopes of the hill pleasant walks among the vines, which were ranged in terraces, and the whole, though within the city walls, as quiet and calm as befitted a house of prayer."

In 1614, in consequence of the remonstrance of the English Government, the Louvain Novitiate was transferred to Liège. In 1626, the Novitiate * on Mont-Cæsar was taken possession of by the exiled Irish Dominicans, and thus it became once more the peaceful home of Confessors for the Faith. The Dominicans remained there only until 1650, when it passed into the hands of seculars. In 1799, the principal part of it was destroyed. W. P. T.

FR. STONESTREET'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On August 22nd, 1883, was celebrated at the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., Rev. Charles H. Stonestreet's Golden Jubilee. The celebration had a tinge of solemnity for the younger members of the community, who had seldom seen so many venerable priests, rich in the graces that crown long lives well-spent, gather together for a festal occasion. Fifty years had failed to rob Fr. Stonestreet of all his old companions and co-novices, and many came to hail the golden years of his life in the Society of Jesus, who had known him in boyhood, or years agone in the fulness of his Jesuit career. Some there were, among the many who came to congratulate him, whom he, as Provincial, had received into the Society; and there were others who had lived under him and toiled with him in the Society's severest struggles.

The Scholastics—Teachers and Prefects of the College—prepared a programme of reading and music, which, as *they* have praised it whose praise is worth the taking, we may

* This house was once the home of the Knights of St. John.

call a success. Mr. J. W. Collins in a short "salutatory" recalled some early recollections of Fr. Stonestreet. Mr. P. J. Casey read an elegant "Sapphicon," full of the graces and dainty compliments of the Latin tongue. Mr. A. Maes's "Un Rêve" was a musical French poem, written for the occasion. Mr. F. X. Sadlier in a pleasant English prose composition told the reasons for our rejoicing; and Mr. A. Brosnan read a "Greeting" in English verse.

The programme was an inter-prandial exercise, and between the readings some choice songs were rendered by the Scholastics. "Auld Lang Syne" had, of course, a prominent place in the musical portion of the entertainment, and was duly appreciated by Fr. Stonestreet's venerable friends who had gathered around him, to keep with him his Golden Jubilee.

To the programme there were two very pleasant additions which, though not printed on the billet, must not be omitted here. One was an address by our Rev. Fr. Provincial, given in his own happy manner; the other, a French Song composed for the occasion, and sung, by Fr. Desribes, of New Orleans. This roundel was almost extempore and neatly adapted to an exquisite French air.

Among the invited guests were, Right Revd. John Moore of Florida; Rev. Fr. Provincial; Rev. Wm. A. Blenkinsop; Fr. B. A. Maguire; Fr. William Francis Clarke, then on the eve of his own Golden Jubilee; Fr. Duncan, of Boston; Fr. J. O'Connor, President of Boston College; Frs. Cleary and Nagle, of Providence, and Fr. E. Connolly, of Woodstock College, Md. Fr. Stonestreet was the recipient of many kind congratulations, and the day was surely a golden one that ushered in the golden years of his Jesuit life.

E. M. S. N.

FATHER CLARKE'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 20th, 1883.

REV'D AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Last Sunday was celebrated at Loyola College the Golden Jubilee of Fr. William Francis Clarke's religious life. Having entered the Society Aug. 14, 1833, his life since at Georgetown, Frederick, Washington, Bohemia and Baltimore, has been, notwithstanding great delicacy of health, one of strenous labor and unremitting zeal in the "Loyolæan lists of the Lord."

Invitations had been sent to the various houses of the Province, and a goodly number of Ours assembled to honor the Jubilatus, and rejoice with him at his golden banquet.

The Mass was unusually solemn,— Fr. Clarke himself, celebrating, with Rev. Frs. Rector and Fitzpatrick as Deacon and Subdeacon; Mr. Spillane, Master of ceremonies. The choir sang Haydn's Imperial 3rd, with an occasional interpolation composed by the organist, Prof. E. Hurley; Rev. Fr. Doonan of Georgetown preached the sermon on the occasion, discoursing on the text:—"*The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.*" In this finished address of over an hour the orator closely argued the absolute ownership of God and His creatorship: then pointed out the real and historical significance of sacrifice as being man's acknowledgment of God's supreme lordship—then by a beautiful transition, in which he naturally and with much grace referred to the reverend object of the day's honors, he drew a picture of the sacrifice a religious makes of wealth, of natural inclinations and of will as the noblest profession of Almighty God's absolute dominion and sovereignty. After Mass a dinner, quite in keeping with the other features of the day, was served in the refectory, which abundantly manifested the procuratorial ability of Fr. Minister. At

the end of dinner the guests adjourned to the Fathers' recreation room, where, after a few introductory remarks by Fr. Rector, Fr. Ward, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Spillane read severally some congratulatory verses, to which Fr. Clarke replied in a neat little speech, recalling the days when Fr. Ward, Fr. Stonestreet and himself played boyish pranks together. C.

TWO LETTERS FROM ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

Concerning the Restoration of the Society.

BALTIMORE, July 14, 1805.

REV. AND HONRD SIR,

My last to you was, I believe, thro' the favor of the Rev. Mr. Byrne, the effects of whose zeal are yet felt, and who would still be more useful, if he tempered his ardor with more prudence. It is much better to be a profitable catechist, as he proved himself here; and, excepting in two or three of our largest cities, eloquence would be thrown away upon our American auditors. But he is so good and laborious a priest, that I pray sincerely for his return hither, where many like him are wanted. In the meantime, assure him of my cordial wishes for his happiness, and my longing desire to see him again. When he was with us, I gave him on some occasions my candid advice, and I hope that he was not offended by it.

Since my last to you, I have nominated a Superior of the Society here, pursuant to a commission from the Rev. Fr. Gruber, and in the manner prescribed by him. The Superior is the Rev. Mr. Molyneux, who resided many years at Philadelphia, but long since sought in Maryland a more retired situation. A few ex-Jesuits (about five) propose renewing their vows; the others, like yourself, are fearful of doing so, without a better security for their re-entry, and preservation of the Society, than such security as now exists.

My Coadjutor, the Rt. Rd. Bishop Neale, has formed under the conduct of four or five very pious Ladies, a female academy at George Town, and has acquired for them a handsome property of lots and houses. These ladies, long trained to all the exercises of an interior and religious life, are exceedingly anxious to bind themselves more closely to God by entering into an approved religious order, whose institute embraces the education of young persons of their own sex, poor and rich. Mr. Byrne and others have given information here of your having under your care a house of religious women, whose useful and exemplary conduct has gained general esteem and confidence.—Now the prayer of Bp. Neale, and I may add, mine too, is this; that you would choose, and if possible, engage two of those Ladies, fully approved by you, to leave their country and sisters and friends, to establish here a house of their order. One of them ought to be fit to become immediately the superior and mistress of novices; and the other to preside in the female academy.—The two principal ladies of this institution are natives of Ireland, and both women of exemplary and even perfect lives.—I know not whether one of them, whose name is Lawler (Ally Lawler) be not known to you. Bishop Neale hopes that Mr. Byrne will return and take them under his care; and he will be answerable for all their expenses.

I am with the greatest respect, Rev. and hd. Sir,

Your most obedt. St.

✠ J. Bisp. of Baltme.

To Revd. Dr. Betagh,
Castle Street, Dublin.

Baltimore, Oct. 22, 1805.

Rev. and honrd Sir,

You afforded me great comfort by your favor of August 6th in giving the agreeable information of Mr. Byrne's safe arrival at Dublin, and affording at the same time, a hope of his return hither, with some other valuable companions. They cannot be wanted more than at this time, many sta-

tions being now vacant, and I earnestly entreat you to make every possible exertion to forward them as soon as possible. The impression and memory of Mr. Byrne's eminent services at New York are in the minds of those who were benefited by his ministry; but let me likewise beseech you who have so much influence over him to advise him strongly to measure the exertions of his zeal by a regard for his bodily strength and to the preservation of his health. He forgot in the ardor of his charity, the weakness and derangement, to which our nicely formed frame is subject; and in this variable climate, the stomach of few men can bear so much fasting and abstinence, as he joined to his incessant labors. At the rate he went on, he would soon have been exhausted. I often told him that if he did not regulate his mortifications by the direction of a prudent and religious superior, he had not yet imbibed the spirit of the Society, to which he is so much devoted. But, in this point, I have reason to think, my advice was not followed. Your account of the progress of that Society in England and elsewhere afforded us great satisfaction. Here a beginning is made for promoting the same good work. In consequence of a power granted to me by the late Genl. Fr. Gruber, I have nominated the Rev. Mr. Molyneux, the Superior here; he has renewed his former engagements, and some others have done the same: a novitiate is to be made ready during this ensuing winter and part of next year; several candidates offer themselves; but I must say with you, that tho' I lend my co-operation, yet I wish much to see a firmer foundation, than any yet known here. But this is not our greatest difficulty.—The provincials of England were not in the habit of sending hither many of their best subjects: and of those who were in America, many are dead, and the others are generally too far advanced in years, too inactive, of course, for those employments and that constant vigilance, which the first beginnings of such an important undertaking require. If the Society be destined to rise again, my prayer is, that it may renew again, as in its first origin, that fervent spirit of religion, those solid practices of piety, and that

sound knowledge, sacred and profane, which rendered it the ornament of the Church and its best defence. To produce these happy effects, we must have more men endowed with its genuine spirit, and capable of imparting it to others.

After receiving your promise of sending the debates on the Catholic questions and Bp. Milner's answer to the objections etc., I wait impatiently for some arrival from Dublin. —If one should offer for N. York, or Philada., either of these would answer; be only careful to send it directed *to me*, to the care of Andrew Morris Esq., at N. York, or the Rev. Mr. John Rossiter, of St. Mary's Church Philada., with a line informing either of them of the package containing a book or books for me.

Tell Mr. Byrne, that his friends at George Town, especially Bisp. Neale, and his Br. Francis are well, and that I have acquainted them of his safe arrival. He will likewise be pleased to accept of my cordial and ardent wishes for his happiness and speedy return, and the respectful compliments of my worthy companion, the Rev. Mr. Beeston.

I am with the highest esteem, and great affection,

Rev. and hd. Sir,

Your most obedt. Servt.

✠ J. Bisp. of Baltme.

To Revd. Dr. Betagh,

Castle Street, Dublin.

KANSAS.

Letter from Father Ponziglione.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
July 2, 1883.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The Easter holidays over, I hastened to visit the distant Osage Reservation. On my way there I stopped at twelve Osage settlements, to give the people an opportunity of fulfilling their Easter duties. Many of the half breeds have done so. These half breeds are getting along quite well in the way of farming, and remain firm in the faith despite the efforts of the Protestants under whose control they have been for over fourteen years. I must acknowledge, however, that though they claim to be children of the Church, some of them are not over particular in keeping its precpts, especially in what regards marriage. Misled by false principles, and above all by the bad example of Protestants under whose guardianship they are, they make no scruple of putting away one wife, to take another, and this without the formality of a divorce. The agent, as well as the missionaries who have charge of them, far from reproving these transgressions of God's law, rather connive at them. One of the half breeds is living with two wives. Heretofore, this was unheard of among the Osages. The agent and missionaries, though they knew of the fact and the scandal which it caused, took no steps to remedy it, but treated it as a small peccadillo.

I found the full-blood Osages in a state of great excitement. Their condition was fully as bad as it was thirty-two years ago, when first I came amongst them. Awful sicknesses, such as measles, scurvy and small-pox have reduced them partially. Among the victims of the diseases is the chief or governor, as he was called, of the Osages. He

is known among his people by the name of Joseph Pawnee-numpa-tsce. He was about fifty years old.

Joseph had been brought up at this mission. His original name Whatciecka-hickie was changed in baptism to Joseph. He made his first Communion and was confirmed. As a boy at this school he was bright, quick to learn and well behaved. After leaving school he continued doing well for a few years, giving general satisfaction, and promising to become at some future day very useful to his nation. But flattered by his people and urged by the braves to claim his birth-right, the first chieftaincy of the Osages, he yielded to their persuasions, threw off the clothes of the white man, painted his face vermillion green and blue, married four wives, and started on the war-path with a company of braves. They made strait for the endless plains of the West, and what they did there, God alone knows. An Osage war party on the plains are truly wild. According to them there is no good fortune without bloodshed. Joseph returned from the expedition with reeking scalps hanging from his belt. These were the trophies by which he showed himself to be his father's son, and with the rights of his father he assumed his name, Pawne-numpa-tsce, which means in their language Pawnees-two-he-killed. This name was given to his father for having with one stroke of his tomahawk killed two Pawnees, who have always been the most bitter enemies of the Osages. It is needless to say that Joseph's early training tended to make him even worse than the rest. He was a terror to the whites all along the Kansas line. Many foul deeds were laid to his charge, and though he himself had no direct hand in them, yet they were certainly done by his men upon whom he put no restraint. In spite of all this, Joseph, be it said to his honor, would never apostatize, though he was urged to do so time and again by the Agent and the missionaries. He always claimed to be a Catholic, always paid great respect to Father John Shoenmakers, and tried by every means in his power to re establish a Catholic mission and school on the new re-

servation, but all to no purpose; for no sooner did the agent hear that Joseph had sent a petition to the President in favor of a Catholic school and mission than he would send to Washington a counter petition, to which fictitious names were affixed.

The Osages as well as most of our western Indians look upon calamities, especially sicknesses as punishments inflicted on them by the Great Spirit for neglecting the Medicine-man-worship and abandoning the customs of their fathers, to adopt those of the Whites, When in 1852 the great chief George (White-Hair), died, the medicine men went among the Osages telling them that their chief had been taken away for giving up the Indian traditions and aping the ways of the Whites. They exhorted the warriors to stick to their old worship, and to put all their trust in their bows and arrows. They are at this very time going around on the same mission. The mortality which surpasses anything the Osages have of late years suffered seems to have completely turned their heads, and they seem to think that the only means of propitiating the Great Spirit is to return to the old worship.

The excitement caused by this great calamity is not confined to the Osages, but has spread to the neighboring tribes, and as is always the case, some crafty Indians are speculating on the situation to turn to good account the general excitement. Not long after the death of the great chief George, a very cunning Indian took advantage of the excited state of the Osages which got him both money and fame. This man whose appearance was very wild succeeded in taming a big wolf so that it hung around his lodge and followed him like a dog. He told the people that he had come from the Great Spirit who had given him this wolf as a companion and a defence, that the Great Spirit had bestowed on him the power of calling the dead to life, and that if they lent him a willing ear he would at the end of three years return them all their dead friends. This was a very bold proposition. But the bigger the humbug the easier it is believed by simple people. The Osages did not

doubt the truthfulness of this fellow, and anxious to see their old friends returned to them, they treated the impostor with all possible kindness. They gave him food and blankets and fine furs. This was what the cunning Indian was after. At length the end of the third year came and the expectation of the Osages had reached its highest. Some had made preparations for receiving their long departed friends. But the appointed day came and went, and the dead slept as quietly as ever. The Osages were sadly disappointed and going to the would be thaumaturgus, they asked him why he had failed to keep his promise. He answered that their faith was too weak.

It seems that another game of this sort is on foot. In my last excursion I heard that a shrewd full blood or buck, as they are called, has made his appearance, and is running about the different tribes. He calls himself a great prophet. He is thirty-five years old, rather portly. He claims to be an intimate friend of the Great Spirit, and to have come down from heaven in a big shower of rain? He tells the Indians that their doom is sealed unless they listen to him and follow his advice; that he has come, to re-establish the medicine worship of their fathers. They must put off the customs of the white man and return to their old habits. He promises them, if they do this, an Indian millenium. Large herds of buffaloes, deer and antelopes will, he says, appear on the plains. Clothing and food will be in abundance. "Woe to them, he says, who heed not or despise my words! Woe to those who work fields and build houses! Their labor will be lost and their hopes shall be blasted and their children shall starve, their flesh shall rot on their bones, they shall die premature deaths and their bodies after death shall be torn by wild beasts." The tone and words of this impostor have stricken with fear and dread some of the more ignorant Indians, who anxious to make a friend of him bring all sorts of presents. This is all the great prophet is after, and, doubtless, he will ply his trade with good success. Here you may feel curious to know whether the Indians generally put any trust in the medicine worship. Well, to

tell you the truth, those among them who have common sense do not; they make sport of it. Still they assist at the worship and take part in it, if they see they can make anything out of it. To illustrate this, I will relate a little incident that happened years ago when our St. Francis' Institution was but an Indian manual labor school. A good sensible full blood Osage, Mansha-kita by name, brought us a bright boy called Tajutze, about thirteen years old, and calling for Fr. Shoenmakers thus addressed him: "Father, this boy is my nephew: I have taken him into my family and look upon him as a son. I wish you to make a smart man of him and a good Christian." Fr. Shoenmakers answered that he would do the best he could for the boy. He brought the lad to the dormitory, and after having washed the red paint from his face, dressed him neatly, after the manner of white boys. Tajutze was quick to learn, and being gifted with a good memory, made rapid progress. At the end of six months he was deemed ready for baptism. He received at the font the name of Peter. In a short while he received his first Communion. Winter had passed away and spring was setting in, the time for celebrating the medicine worship. So Mansha-kita came to ask if Peter might not assist at the celebration. Fr. Shoenmakers listened quietly to the Indian till he had finished, but smoked away, without venturing an answer. Mansha-kita, feeling the uncomfortableness of the situation, grew somewhat nervous, but after a few moments silence, he mustered up courage and repeated his request. But Fr. Shoenmakers smoked on, heedless of the petition. This was hard on the patience of the Indian. He felt sure of the Father's unwillingness to grant his request. After some time during which both smoked in silence, the Indian made another and more respectful request. Father Shoenmakers at length answered: "My dear friend, some months ago you brought your nephew here, requesting me to educate him in the ways of the Son of God. I have done all I could to teach him what is right. Now you want to destroy all the good I have done and give him to the evil spirit; I cannot allow such

a thing." Mansha-kita felt the power of this argument, and looked very sheepish. Having taken a long puff he said, "Black Gown, I know you love Peter; you are a father to him and wish only for his good; you have placed him in the ways of the Son of God and I do not want him to get out of them. If I wish him to come with me to the medicine worship, it is not that he may do homage to the evil spirit. No, I wish him to get some meat and buffalo robes. Father, when during the ceremonies my turn comes, I will stand up and pointing towards Peter tell the big chief that this boy is the son of the great Kula-Shutze (red eagle) who was our leading man on the war-path, who took so many Pawnee scalps. Kula-Shutze is dead and I take care of his son. When I have said this, the big chief will give him some bundles of dry meat, blankets and buffalo robes, and the like. I will have all these things brought to my lodge and then see that Peter is returned safely to you. I am a poor man, Father, and must try to make a living somehow; so I wish Peter to come with me, not on account of the worship, but on account of the meat." And so it is with the greater part of the Indians. They attend the worship through a motive of gain. During the year the big chief receives, by way of taxes, an abundant supply of provisions. After helping himself freely, he distributes what is left among the people and thereby gains their good will.

On my way back from my missionary excursion, passing through Elgin a small hamlet on the Kansas line, I noticed a doctor operating on a young man, who seemed the while to be suffering great pain. Recognizing the boy I immediately made inquiries about the matter, The doctor told me that a few minutes before my arrival the poor lad had been eating a pickled peach. He tried to swallow the stone, which stuck in his throat, and he was now choking. While telling me this, the doctor was working at the boy's throat with a long piece of blunt wire. His vigorous twists and turns of the wire only caused the boy more pain. There was no time to lose, for the poor fellow's breathing was getting very heavy. I asked the doctor if he had any hopes for

the boy's life. He said not. Then I suggested that when my machinery is out of order, I apply oil to make the wheels run smoothly. This I thought might work in the present case. At this the doctor burst into a loud laugh, saying that would be of no use whatever. "For you see," he said, "this is quite a critical case. The æsophagus of this boy is in a precarious condition. The trachea is obstructed. One has to be very prudent, or an ulceration of the membrane might be the consequence. Then suppuration would probably follow, which might bring on a paroxysm, and at length a syncope might set in, and in such an event suspension of vitality, with fatal consequence might ensue." While overpowering me with his technical lore, he took from the shelf a small bottle, to all appearances containing oil, and having dipped the blunt wire into it, he introduced it again into the boy's throat, who making a slight effort swallowed the peach stone. The doctor looked at him, quite astounded at what had happened.—Then turning to me he said, "Sir, I do not believe you can find any one in all our western faculty who can beat me at a surgical operation." I laughed in my heart at the simplicity of my medical friend, and thanked God for having brought the affair to such a happy end, and for preserving the life of a widow's only son. The young man Edgar, in thanksgiving for the danger he had escaped, did not neglect the opportunity of receiving the Sacraments.

Yours in Xto.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

NEW MEXICO.

Rev'd and Dear Father,

P. C.

I had no desire whatever to intrude myself again on the readers of your periodical, but your persuasiveness has overcome my resolution. You request me to write something about that far-away, little known, and less understood mission of New Mexico and Colorado, where it was my good fortune to spend a considerable part of my life in the Society. Not a few persons labor under the impression that to go to New Mexico is to bid farewell to civilization and to civilized life; to lead a life devoid of comfort and full of miseries of all kinds; to enter upon an existence as far removed, morally, from life in the East as New Mexico is distant, geographically. My experience has taught me that these ideas have, in fact, no foundation whatever. Making all due allowance for differences in habits, nationality, climate, etc., life is the same in the far South-west as it is in any other part of the world. I preface my letter with these remarks, because people have the most extravagant, and sometimes even ridiculous notions about New Mexico. Complying with your request, therefore, I shall give all the information I can regarding the mission, and I am sure that all who will read my little account will be astonished at the vast progress that country has made in the short space of six years.

As the space allowed me is rather limited, I shall speak at present only of Las Vegas, giving an account from the establishment of the college down to the present time. Perhaps, at some future day, when I shall have gathered sufficient data, I shall give a history of the mission of New Mexico and Colorado from its foundation in 1867 to the year 1883.

Rev. Fr. Gasparri, who was Superior in 1876, had long had in view the building of a college, for he justly reasoned

that, as teaching was one of the principal duties of the Society, it could not fulfil its end properly, unless schools were established. Besides, he thought that a college there would give an opportunity for training some young men for the novitiate, and thus the Society would increase; for then there were certainly too few members for the immense amount of work they had to do, as is the case also at present. The Archbishop, Most Rev. J. B. Lamy, had about this same time conceived the design of having a seminary, where he could have his own priests trained, and he wished the Jesuits to take charge of it. So there was every reason for beginning a college. Up to this period, there were many schools in charge of the Christian Brothers, as in Santa Fe, Mora, Bernalillo and other places. The Archbishop, ever zealous in promoting the interests of religion and education, desired to have in his diocese, over and above a goodly number of elementary schools, at least one college which would afford his people every opportunity of acquiring a complete education in all branches, classical, commercial, and scientific. Weighing well all these reasons, our Fathers finally resolved on the undertaking, and commenced work at once. On the 5th of Nov. 1877, they opened classes in a house kindly placed at their disposal by a generous-hearted Mexican gentleman, Don Francisco Lopez, whose name should ever be held in grateful remembrance. They also began the erection of a new college to which they gave the name, St. Mary's, but as there was already a school in Mora of the same name kept by the Brothers, they changed the title, and called the new institution simply Las Vegas College, S. J. This was to avoid all difficuties. The work in the beginning was, of course, very hard. Indeed, the history of the college's first two years, consists of little else than severe trials most patiently borne. The faculty consisted of seven members, six of whom were to do all the teaching and prefecting, and of these six two were seculars. Twenty-five boarders, four half-boarders and eighty-five day scholars had to be accommodated, and how they managed for room only those who have labored under similar circumstances

can understand. To look at the buildings and then think of the number to be lodged therein (about forty altogether), one would think it a problem whose solution was more difficult than squaring the circle. The faculty were, doubtless, cramped for room, but they cheerfully suffered the inconvenience in expectation of the good times to come. Want of room was by no means their only mortification. They had very rough, though good material to work on. As the boys were not very far advanced, they were obliged to begin at the lowest rudiments with some, and the teachers who came immediately afterwards can tell what rapid progress was made. Many of those first engaged in the work were men capable of teaching philosophy and theology, and yet they labored hard and earnestly in their humble position, knowing that all they did was for God. While class was going on in the old house, as it is now called, the Superior, the lamented Fr. Gasparri, was pushing on the work on the new building, in order to have it ready by the opening of the second year. At that time, the country was in a backward state, and competent and expeditious workmen were difficult to find; so that it required constant watching, to see that the work was done. It was towards the end of this first year that Rev. Fr. Mazzella made his visitation, and while at Las Vegas he wrote to Woodstock for two scholastics, who had just finished their philosophy. They were Messrs. Mandalari and Lezzi, who have this year returned, to study theology. Their journey to Las Vegas deserves to be recorded; and as it occurred during the vacation, I shall mention one or two incidents. From Woodstock to Pueblo and Trinidad, it differed in nothing from ordinary railroad journeys. Beyond Trinidad, they were obliged to go by carriage, for the railroad had not been built beyond that point. Four started in company, Fr. Salvador Personé, president of the college, the two scholastics, and a lay-brother. The distance was about one hundred and forty miles, a very tedious drive. Over the vast plateaus, through dangerous defiles and ravines, across deep *arroyos*, clambering up and creeping down the mountain sides, truly it was a novel experience for them. At night,

they camped on the plains, and slept as best they could. When they wished to make a fire, to cook the coffee, they had considerable difficulty, for there was no wood to be had. But they had read in the travels of Abbé Huc in Tartary and Thibet, how that famous missionary managed in similar circumstances, and profited by his experience. One night they were fortunate enough to meet a Mexican ox-team, and they camped in company, the Mexicans being overjoyed to have the Fathers with them. The driver of the ox-team kindly lent them a buffalo-robe, to enable them to get a little sleep. So they fixed themselves for the night. Fr. Personé with Mr. Mandalari shared the robe, Mr. Lezzi had a blanket, while the brother made a bed-room of the carriage, and he had the best of it, for he was protected from the cold. During the night the two who were protected by the robe had similar dreams. One dreamt that he was cold and likewise did the other; one tugged and pulled at his side, to cover himself better, and so did the other, and hence there was a continual conflict going on till early dawn, when Fr. Personé, awakened by the cold, found himself robeless on a barren plain with naught but a cloudless New Mexican sky over him. The second or third day, one of their mules got sick, so that the tiresome journey continued for three days and a half.

These two scholastics above mentioned were the first in the mission and the first scholastics who ever taught in Las Vegas. They had their share in the trials kept in store for the Fathers until the beginning of the second year. The house occupied as the college was built of adobes, like all Mexican houses, Though to strangers these are curiosities, to my mind the only peculiarity is the roof. This is formed by laying rafters across the walls, flooring the rafters, and then over this floor depositing a layer of earth about a foot thick, which when pressed down becomes quite hard. In the dry season, which fortunately continues in these high latitudes about nine months of the year, these adobe houses are very comfortable, warm in winter, and cool in summer, but when the heavy rains come on, they are anything but

pleasant. The roofs, as might be supposed, are not perfectly water-tight, and consequently if the rain continues for any length of time, it is likely to occasion some slight inconvenience to the inmates. Thus it happened to our people. When the rains began, the house afforded them but little shelter. The water first oozed through in tiny drops, and as the porous roof absorbed more and more water, these tiny drops grew to little streams, and soon the rooms became unfit for anything else but shower-baths. Nothing could be done except to bear it, and this they did. They kept urging on the work, but despite all their efforts, they succeeded in preparing only the class-rooms and dormitory for the boys. It was a consolation to them in the midst of their troubles to know that there was some comfort in store for the boys. Such was the gloomy condition of affairs at the openinig of schools in November 1878. The rains continued, and the Fathers were almost flooded out. The writers of the *Revista Catolica* could not do anything but try to find some dry spot to rest in. The rain spared nothing, and so even at night they could take no rest. Only one room in the house was habitable, and that one was reserved for a sick Father ; but all who could be accommodated went there, to rest at night time, while the others wrapped themselves in blankets and tried to sleep, sitting in their chairs. We have often read and heard of dismal times, but we think that a more dismal time than this can scarce be imagined. Few men could bear up unmurmurringly under the severe trials that fell to the lot of the founders of Las Vegas College. They never repined, but cheerfully awaited the time when they could find better accommodations. Were any one tempted to give way to sadness, some cheerful soul would buoy him up by communicating his own cheerfulness to him. On one occasion, they were in the refectory taking dinner. All were huddled together in a corner standing with their plates in their hands and the rain deluging them on all sides, when one of them exclaimed that they should read for their mutual consolation, "The History of the Universal Deluge." Superiors did all that possibly could

be done, to hasten the finishing of the rooms in the new house, but seeing that it was less an inconvenience to live in a house sheltered from the rain, than in the old one which was completely water-soaked, they bade all fix themselves as well as they could in the new house till the rooms could be finished. The rooms were comfortless enough, but they afforded shelter. Some days after this, the refectory and kitchen were finished, and on the feast of St. Stanislaus the community inaugurated the new refectory, taking their dinner standing; for as yet there were no seats. These were the hardest times they had seen and though their troubles were not yet over, still those that followed were only slight compared with what they had already endured. Once in the new house, they had to undergo all the inconveniences of settling down, truly not a difficult task in their case, for their furniture was not too abundant.

Thus began the second year. The number of boarders increased to thirty-five and the day-scholars to one hundred and five, and in addition to these the Fathers took charge of the public school. The faculty numbered nine, six of whom were for the college, and one was to take charge of the public school. From the establishment in the new house, began the real college, and from that time it has been constantly increasing in numbers of pupils and in popularity. Everything went on steadily and quietly, and the Fathers suffered no other inconvenience than the necessary confusion of having the workmen about the college. At the end of the year, Ours had the satisfaction of holding the commencement exercises in the new hall which, though with little architectural beauty, was the best and most commodious in the territory. With this year terminated the severest trials they had to undergo. They had begun with nothing the stupendous task of establishing a college in a poor country; they had labored with more than ordinary courage to fulfill their purpose, suffering more than the usual share of miseries, and now after two years their object was fulfilled, the college was a fact, nay more, it was a success. Too much credit cannot be given to those who struggled so

zealously for the good of the Society in New Mexico. First and foremost in the work was Fr. Gasparri, a man whose influence for good was felt in all parts of the territory. He was loved by all the Catholics, esteemed by Protestants and Jews. The first president of the college, Rev. Salvador Personé did all that man could do, to make the undertaking a success, and the high place which the college now holds in the esteem of the people is due, under the providence of God, to his endeavors, for he worked day and night for its advancement.

I here close the account for the first two years, which were, in truth, years of trial. The college had a severe struggle for existence, but it came forth victorious, and from that period it has been growing in strength and favor until to-day it stands unrivalled as the educational institution of the great south-west. As I have in this letter recorded as faithfully as I could the incidents of its birth and infancy, I shall in my next strive in my humble way to continue its history to the present day. H.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

Letter from Father Prando to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.

St. Peter's Mission.

Rev. Fr. Superior,

P. C.

In November of last year, I received a summons from my immediate Superior, which obliged me to leave the camp of the Black Feet. I had been preaching and laboring among these Indians for three months, during which time I gave four missions. I found my subjects well disposed, and willing to submit to the sweet yoke of the divine law. I had wished to return to them by the month of January, and had cherished hopes that the opening of the new

year 1882, would be the dawn of a new era for my dear Indians; but my return was unavoidably deferred to the month of May, as if our dear Virgin Mother herself wished to become the propagator of the faith among these poor people, during her own month of May. I, therefore, decided to pass this happy month among the Indians, and to give special honor to the Mother of God, under whose auspices I began my labors, with the expectation of happy results. Here are a few details of my expedition.

I had foreseen that my prolonged absence from the Indians might have caused great dissatisfaction among them, and as they had repeatedly sent for me, they might easily conclude that I had little affection for them, and tell me on my arrival that I might go away just as empty-handed as I came.

Anticipating this difficulty, I went to Helena and bought the biggest pipe I could procure. The stem was about three feet long, so that the smoker would require the assistance of some one to light it for him. Now here is the way I reasoned with myself. As soon as the Indians see me, they'll gather around me, and comment on my big pipe, and grow envious with the desire of getting a puff from it. As soon as I let them have their smoke, we'll all be friends again. My expedient was a childish one, it is true, but after all, the Indians are but children. But a difficulty arose. The pipe had been procured at great expense for me. How to get enough tobacco to fill it? But here the good providence of God came to my aid. I went to Fort Shaw, to give a sermon. There I met with the Commander Colonel Galson. Our conversation naturally turned to Indian affairs, and I took occasion to speak of my pipe and my need of tobacco. The Colonel, who is a good Catholic, invited me to come and see him on the following day. Next morning, I said Mass, and went to the Commander's apartment, where I received ten pounds of tobacco for my Indians. With many thanks I received the gift and set out for the Indians' camp, where I arrived on the first day of May. I gave them no time for parley, but immediately produced my big pipe

and lit it. The greatest admiration was depicted in their countenances as they watched the volumes of smoke, clouding the air. Such was my entry on the first day of May. Next day, I visited other tribes of Indians repeating my former experiment with the pipe and tobacco. Soon all the men and women were gathered about me, each of them receiving a little present of tobacco. Finally, lest I should excite too much envy, I went to see the great chief, White Calf, who received me cordially, to whom I presented my large pipe and a goodly share of tobacco. The chief is a good fervent Catholic. I baptized him last year. He told me all that had happened during my absence, and with great signs of grief, spoke to me of the deaths of many of the Indians who were unbaptized.

Last year, in September, Rev. Fr. Damiani our immediate Superior, paid me a visit, and in obedience to your instructions, charged me with the building of a hut which should serve me for a chapel. I built a log hut about thirty-six feet square. As yet it has neither windows nor door. The Indians often ask me when it will be completed. I promised to have it ready by the first Sunday in May. On my arrival among the Indians, I followed my ordinary plan of assembling the different families, and instructing them as best I could. To give instructions and to teach catechism, are the principal occupations of a missionary. It is very difficult to make them understand the simple truths of religion, and make them abolish their inhuman practices. The poor Indians have a number of superstitious practices, which they employ especially in presence of their dead. When one of them dies, the friends, in token of grief, cut deep gashes in their legs, and cut their ring or little finger.

In presence of the dead bodies they place all the possessions which belonged to the deceased. The dead bodies are covered with skins of animals, then laid out under trees on a mound, and enclosed in coffins, but left unburied. Still there are some who bury their dead. For months after a death, the relatives continue to show signs of great grief. Oftentimes they rush out from the house to the burial spot,

calling on the name of the dead man, with sobs and groans. It is a heart-rending sight; and after witnessing it many times, I resolved to select a suitable place for a cemetery and finally chose one on a little elevation near the church. On the third of May, the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, I purposed to erect a cross 20 feet high upon the summit of the little hill, which I had chosen for a cemetery. On the following Sunday, the first of May, I spoke to the Indians in these words: "We have made a cross, a great cross. It was on a cross that Jesus Christ died, in order that He might be our Saviour. He bore His cross to the top of a mountain. On His shoulders He sustained its load. And now the great chief and I will bear this cross upon our shoulders, and God will look down upon us and will be pleased. He will bless our camp. When we die, we shall be buried upon that hill, and at the end of the world, we shall rise again. The earth in which we will plant this cross will be sacred to the dead, and they who die unbaptized, shall have no burial in this ground."

When I concluded, we set out, and came first to the spot where the cross awaited us. The part of our Lord I assigned to the chief, while I acted as Simon of Cyrene; the old man Robear preceded us; the others followed in procession. When we had gotten over half the journey, we halted, for the load was very heavy. I took occasion to tell them how our Saviour was forced to carry His cross, alone, and how His enemies seeing Him fall three times beneath its heavy load, forced Simon of Cyrene to carry it for Him. When I had finished speaking, they took up the cross and triumphantly carried it to the hill. As soon as it was placed in its position, I went before them, and falling down before the cross, kissed it reverently, inviting the chief to imitate me. He did so; then turning to his people, he said: "Kiss this cross, for the Son of God died upon a cross for us." Each of the Indians obeyed, and returning from the cemetery, all were full of fervor and consolation. It was an important day for the savages.

Up to this time no human persuasion could have induced

the Indians to carry the cross. The old man Robear was so astonished at my influence over the savages, that he exclaimed: "I never saw a priest who exerted so powerful an influence over the Indians as you have." "It is not I, who have this influence," I replied, "but the grace of God is triumphing over their hearts, for the day of their conversion has come." The new cross furnished a topic of conversation for the savages, so that for many days, they lost all thought of the war which was impending with the Assiniboines. On the 6th of May, war-cries were heard. Some of the Assiniboines stole upon the camp, and firing, killed one of our warriors. As in coming to our camp they had to pass by my hut, I thought it wise to make an act of contrition. But nothing more serious followed. In the midst of the excitement which prevailed in our camp, I went about instructing the Indians. I kept a constant watch on the movements of the chief, White Calf, to see if he would prove himself a fit candidate for baptism.

One day, he came to my tent, and ordered me to rise and walk on ahead of him. I obeyed, and after a time, he explained his action by saying, that he thus wished to show that he was ready to follow the leadership of the Black Robe. To fulfil his promise, White Calf had to make some sacrifices. He had four wives, three of whom he had abandoned, at my command, and thus gave the first blow to polygamy. Seeing his good dispositions, I decided to baptize him on the 2d Sunday of May.

When the day had arrived, White Calf sent me word that his wife would be unable to cross the river, which was much swollen by the heavy rains, and asked me to come across, to baptize and marry them on the camp-side of the river. I complied with his request, and the ceremony was performed with all solemnity.

I summoned three men to bear witness to the fact, that the chief gave full liberty to the then discarded wives to marry any suitor who was single. I then made the following speech to the assembled Indians: "This whole tribe

is as yet shrouded in darkness. But light has now begun to dawn upon you. To-day, I baptize your chief, White Calf, and his wife. Chief, I pour the water of holy baptism upon your head, and God purifies your soul. Your soul, on this day, is as bright as the sun, and as beautiful as heaven's inhabitants, and as you are properly married to-day, you have become God's friend, for God hates polygamy, and shall condemn all polygamists to everlasting fire. To-day, light is beginning to shine upon the entire tribe, and that light is God's commandment. The commands of God are like an axe. The axe cleaves the tree, and God's commands cut away that great evil, polygamy. I felicitate the great chief and his wife, who have shown such fortitude and good will. They have to-day entered upon the good road; they have but to persevere, in order to reach heaven in safety." After the ceremony, the Indians remained silent for some time, then they got ready to smoke the calumet or pipe of peace. I did not remain for this ceremony, but set out to recross the river, telling them that I would soon see them again. I was happy with my victory over the powers of darkness, for if, as it ordinarily happens, subjects follow the example of their chief, I had reason to hope that all the Indians would soon abandon polygamy. The three wives, after obtaining permission, returned to their parents, who belonged to another tribe.

The next day, I baptized Natosi-Onista who had asked for the grace of baptism. He had three wives. His example showed me very clearly how the grace of God was accomplishing its ends. This Indian at first showed great reluctance to dismiss his wives, as he loved them and their children, and could not endure the thought of abandoning them. I explained to him how unhappy he would be, if he refused to observe God's commandments after he had learned them. A few days afterwards, his eldest son was killed by the Assiniboines, and another was wounded and fell from his horse. The unhappy father was greatly grieved, and found his only consolation in his third child, a girl of six years; but this child was also taken from him by sickness

after a few days. Natosi-Onista in the excess of his grief, folded his tent and left the camp. Some months later, he returned, and came in haste to me, saying that he was ready to abandon his wives, and receive baptism. I baptized him on the 15th of May, giving him the name of Francis. What surprised me was, that he dismissed the two wives who were young, keeping the eldest whom he had first married. He sold a large hut which he possessed, keeping for himself and his wife, a small cabin which he said would be large enough for him now, and he exerted his best influences to induce his companions to abandon polygamy, and to lead a Christian life. On the 18th of May, I baptized a chief called Itokinma, who also dismissed three wives. Last year, he had shown great aversion for the priest, but this year he had greatly changed.

On the 21st, I baptized a chief called Innik-kajantossa, a man of very stern appearance. He sent his second wife away, and employed his time in learning his prayers and teaching them to others. He was greatly pleased with a chant I had composed against polygamy, saying that it was a great blow to the polygamists. I had gone to see him during the preceding year, but he had shown such opposition to my efforts, that I had been forced to abandon him. But this year when I came to visit the tribe, I saw him coming towards me. I took a by-path, in order to avoid meeting him. But he hastened after me, and soon came up with me. I talked to him very kindly, and from that day forth, he has been one of my greatest friends, and much devoted to the cause of religion.

It is not enough for the gardener to plant good seed in the ground; he must pluck out the weeds, water the plants, and guard them while they are tender. So with the missionary; he must not only baptize the converts, but also guard them from error, and instil into their hearts a true Catholic spirit. With this knowledge in mind, I prepared twenty Indians for their first confession, and admitted thirteen of them to Holy Communion on the fourth Sunday of May. They were principally of the tribe of Jossarka, and

had been baptized the year before. The Indians have the custom of getting up very late, and it was with great difficulty that I got them to church in time for Mass. When I told them to be at church at 8 o'clock, they came about dinner-time, giving as an excuse that they couldn't find their horses, or alleging some such reason. But, finally, by dint of constant remonstrances, I got them to come in time. The chief Jossarka who lives four miles away, always comes at the appointed hour. On the day of his first Communion, he arrived at camp together with his people, some time before I had arisen, and felt so proud to be able to rouse me, that coming to my hut he shouted: "Black-Robe, are we in time to-day?" This was a proof to me that they were really in earnest. I had great difficulty in forcing the Indians to abandon their superstitions. For instance, the custom they had of singing their mournful songs and beating the drum, when they came to cure one of the sick, or were making their medicines of buffalo tails and other things of odd compound. One day, I explained to White Calf, that the offerings and prayers addressed to the sun were sinful and displeasing to God. Immediately, the savage answered by proposing a two-fold objection. "You yourself," he said, "love the sun, and the devil. You love the sun, for you carry a watch which indicates the sun's course." I answered: "Yes, truly I have a watch, but I make no offering to it, nor do I pray to it." Disappointed, he turned to his second objection. "You love the devil," he said, "for you keep a picture of hell, in your room, and there you have the representation of many devils." I answered this second objection by seizing a broom and saying: "White Calf, suppose I had a little boy here in my room, whom I should rouse every morning with blows of the broom. You would surely say: 'The Black Robe doesn't like the small boy.' Now, although I keep a picture of the devil, in my room, yet I show it to all who come to visit me, and I tell them of the wickedness of the devil. So you can't say that I have any love for the devil." At this, all White Calf's attendants laughed loudly, and all were sat-

isfied with my answers. It seems to me, that I ought not pass over in silence the following fact which shows forth so clearly a just chastisement coming from God, and the devil's displeasure at the success of our mission.

During the preceding year, I had put a stop to all offerings made to the sun, with the exception of a spear, furnished with a haft which was enclosed in a double case. By means of this spear, the Indians imagined that they could know future events, and especially whether or no they were to be attacked by their enemies, and by what road their opponents would come.

One of the braves, who wished to get possession of the spear, had signalized himself in various encounters with the Assiniboines, and, finally, had bought the spear, giving in return four horses. I visited this warrior, and tried my best to get the spear from him. I told him it was wrong to offer tribute to the sun, and that the spear should be thrown into the fire. But he obstinately refused to give it to me, and I was, at last, obliged to leave him, with these words: "You will become very unhappy." When I came to see him again, he was sick. I noticed what appeared to me a lance-wound in his back, and I again entreated him to give me the lance, as he could not be cured by it. He still refused. After fifteen days, I came again; his wound had grown more serious, and resembled a large cancer. I earnestly begged him to give up the spear, and what was more, to send away all his wives except one, and to call in the doctor. He said: "The spear is not really my property. It belongs to the tribe. If you wish to have it, ask White Calf." I went to the chief, who told me to take it, but when, on the morrow, I came to get the spear, the Indian was gone. I asked one of the wives to give me an axe, that I might destroy the lance. She in great alarm only answered my demand with cries of despair. In the twinkling of an eye, I was surrounded by a band of savages, who manifested the greatest alarm. As I persisted in my demand, a young man, coming forward, seized me by the breast, and pushed me back forcibly, without uttering a

word. I rushed forward, asking my opponent what he meant by his action. The women untied my horse, and placing the bridle in my hand, entreated me to go. I tied the horse again to a stake, and seeing some warriors approaching, among whom I recognized many friends, I asked them to assist me. But they responded with cries of: "'Tis sacred, 'tis sacred: touch not the lance." I was powerless against all this opposition, and asked for the chief. They pointed to a tent a short distance away, which I approached, finding therein the very man who was the cause of all the trouble. There lay the sick man. I recalled to him his promise. While I was speaking with him, the women seized the lance and hastened to conceal it. I saw their action, and could scarce repress a smile. One of the warrior's wives came, leading my horse, and the chief said briefly, "go." I made answer, "yesterday you told me to ask the great chief for the spear, and the great chief told me to take it. Now, instead of keeping your word, you tell me to go. You have lied to me." Then I left him, satisfied that I had put him to shame. When the chiefs heard that one of the young men had laid hands on me, they were greatly alarmed. The sick man was brought to the physician, and was soon cured. In a few days, he sent me word that he was willing to give up the spear, provided that the four horses which he had given in payment for it, should be restored to him. Here was a case of conscience. The contract had been made when the Indians attributed some worth to the spear, but now they considered it useless; was the possessor of the horses bound to make restitution?

At sight of the great good accomplished on the mission, and the numbers that were brought to the true faith, the devil was greatly enraged against us. You are aware, Rev. Father, that there is an agent appointed for the Indians. The American Government has assigned to the Indians a very limited section of country, called a reservation. In consequence of this, the Indians cannot, as formerly, support themselves by hunting, and so, an agent is placed over

them who supplies them with food and clothing. Under the present agent, our Indians are slaves. Some have died from hunger, and many are on the road to death. Consequently the Indians hate the agent, and would long ago have killed him, if he were not protected by soldiery. Our agent is a Protestant, and an open enemy of Catholicism. His only aim is to get rich and, meantime, live as comfortably as possible. When I converted the great chief, this agent took it so ill, that he was on the look out for some pretext for my banishment from the reservation. Towards the close of May, I was going to baptize some children, when I learned that the physician was spreading a most calumnious report about me, to the effect that I had advised some of the Indians to shoot the agent. I immediately went to the agency, and asked the lieutenant to summon the physician, who came after some delay. I questioned him, but he denied that he had ever spread any reports about me. There was rumor, he said, of a conspiracy formed by some of the whites, against the agent, but I must seek elsewhere the author of the calumny. As soon as the lieutenant and the physician left me, the agent broke out into most abusive language, telling me that I must leave the reservation. "It made little difference to him," he said, "whether Mormonism or Catholicism were propagated among the Indians." "But do you not recollect," said I, "how, at our first interview last year, we agreed to commence a sort of college among the Indians, and how you granted me permission to go about the reservation, as I pleased? Do you not recall your words to me: I love the Catholic priest. In fact my mother died a Catholic." "I never told you anything of the kind," said he, "and, furthermore, you must leave the reservation and never enter it again." I went, to pay my respects to the person who had told me of the calumny which had been spread against me, and immediately left the reservation, at full speed. The agent seeing me going, doubtless, congratulated himself at the success of his plans, and flattered himself that he had triumphed over the Catholic cause. Certainly if I alone

had been concerned, I could have borne my defeat with equanimity, but his rage was injuring the Catholic religion. Captain Stans, who went a few days after to the agency, brought news that he had heard nothing but what was good concerning me, but that the cause of my expulsion was my religion. After a ride of twelve miles, I came to Birch Creek, crossed over, and was outside the reservation.

This event took place towards the close of May; so that the end of the month of May was the beginning of my exile, as if the Blessed Virgin wished to intimate that it was due to her goodness alone, that I was allowed to remain in the reservation during the month consecrated to her.

As soon as my Indians learned of my expulsion, they became convinced that the agent was doing all in his power to ill-treat me, and as I could not enter the reservation, it remained for the Indians to cross the creek and visit me at my residence, and they did this every Sunday, in order to be present at Mass. They who lived at a great distance sent me word that they were getting ready to come, camp by camp, on a pilgrimage to my house, in order to be instructed and receive baptism.

Permission is granted to any white man to enter the reservation, to speak to the Indians, to remain there one night, and go on towards the north. Consequently a Catholic priest can journey to the north, then to the east and west and return south to his residence; but the agent can always prevent him from building in the Indian territory a permanent residence.

I will give you more details in my next letter.

P. Prando, S. J.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM FR. PRANDO.

REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,

P. C.

In my last letter, I told you how the agent had driven me from his reservation, simply because I was a Catholic priest. Well, that same day I sent him a letter in which I told him some pretty rough truths, in the hope of inducing him to modify his unjust pretensions. After this, without paying any heed to his prohibition, I crossed the river daily, and instructed the savages from morning till night. The agent, of course, knew all this, but pretended not to. I pushed on sometime as far as sixteen miles into the interior of the reservation, going by *the road;* so that I was able to continue my instructions to the savages up to the 20th of June. On June 20th, a company of soldiers under command of Colonel Kent arrived here, and encamped on the banks of Birch Creek, not far from our chapel. They had been called out in haste because of a difficulty which had arisen between the savages and some whites. Colonel Kent is a Protestant, but a *man of some distinction*, and frequently invited me to dine with him, when I went, to preach at Fort Shaw. He regretted much my expulsion, of which he intended to speak to Lieutenant Anny.

Soon after his arrival, the Colonel wished to learn from myself a statement of many of the questions relative to the savages and whites. He afterwards remarked that the agent had certainly not been very sharp, since he failed to see that it was to his advantage to have near him Catholic priests whom the Indians love so much. He added that if he were agent, he would rather have a priest with him than a whole company of soldiers. He promised, furthermore, to undertake the defence of my cause with the agent.

A short while after this the Colonel invited me to accompany him on a visit to White Calf, and act as his interpreter. Having crossed the river, I called his attention to the misery that reigned among the savages. Here and there

little patches of land were cultivated with a hatchet or a piece of iron; in the cabins there was utter destitution.

White Calf welcomed us kindly, and in the conversation confined himself to showing us how the poor savages were dying of hunger, which raged to such an extent, that even the great chief saw his own children weeping around him for the want of a little food, and himself often grew giddy from sheer hunger. The Colonel was astounded at the sad recital, and convinced with his own eyes of the pitiable condition and slavery of this people.

A few days later, Colonel Gibson, commander of the fort, also arrived. As Colonel Gibson is a Catholic, it was deemed best to send Colonel Kent to confer with the agent; for on seeing him take up the defence of the Blackfeet, no charge of favoritism could be used as a pretext against him. The agent was so confused at Colonel Kent's representations, who insisted on his allowing full liberty to Catholic priests, that he knew not what answer to make. At last, he took to pretexts, asserting that I had spread discord among the savages, and kept trying to gain their friendship: "*Commovet populum docens.*"—Seeing, then, no way of extricating himself, he asked the Colonel to be kind enough to send on the following day his observations in writing. Colonel Kent sent the writing as asked for, and was careful to answer in it the objections brought forth by the agent. But the agent knew better than to answer in writing as the Colonel had desired; so, on the followicg day, he sent two workmen from the agency, to inform us that he would not grant the privilege we claimed. Colonel Kent was astounded at such an unexpected answer, and on the following morning, left in haste with his soldiers because of a scarcity in their provisions.

In my last interview with Colonel Kent, I told him that ever since my expulsion from the reservation I had confined myself to instructing the Indians of Birch Creek with the intention of avoiding any difficulty with the agent; but that for the future I would traverse the whole reservation, and pay no heed at all to the agent, for I intended to cling

to my rights as a white man, knowing, too, that the constitution of the United States grants religious liberty to all.

A few days after this, I went to the agency for a general *census* of the whole Blackfeet tribe. The Indians were gathering for their *Medicine Lodge*. I remained three days among them, and made a tour of the whole encampment, passing several times on foot or on horse-back before the agent's door. The agent eyed me with some surprise, but had not the courage to speak a word to me. So I believe that this difficulty is settled. For my part, I suspect that the agent, for reasons easily understood, did not wish to officially authorize Catholic priests to remain on the reservation; but that is now preserving so quiet a mien, to avoid bringing trouble upon himself, and through fear lest his injustices be made public. He is in still greater fear because of the dispute which he had with the Colonel.

On this supposition, Fr. Damiani sent two workmen, to complete our cabin, and to make it twice as large. The work was finished up in a week, and we have now a chapel twenty feet wide and forty-eight long. On the 12th of June, I celebrated the first Mass in the new church. For a long time the Indians have been earnestly wishing to have their church finished, so that they could go there, to pray and hold their accustomed "smoke."

On the following Sunday, the 18th of June, there was a solemn opening. Up to that time the church door had been fastened, and when the Indians were, at last, permitted to enter, they were warned that as the church is the house of God, they were forbidden to talk therein, or to smoke. I must note that after this order the respect of the Indians, their behavior in the church edified me extremely. I opened the ceremonies by an instruction in catechism, at the beginning of Mass.

After the Gospel followed a short address and a sermon *à propos* of the church. The Indians then continued in prayer. and after Mass listened to another catechetical instruction. When all was over, they lit their pipes outside the church in the presence of their united chiefs.

On the succeeding Sunday, the ceremonies were more impressive because of the large number of Indians and presence of soldiers. The Indians of Isarka's camp, men and women, flocked in, almost all on horse-back; and one would take them for a body of cavalry, so regular was their march. The day before, I invited the soldiers to attend the divine office together with the savages; but as most of the soldiers are Protestants, I sent the invitation on condition that if they wished to come, they would have to remain kneeling during the time of Mass. I thought it proper to take this precaution, for, if my savages, as yet but ill instructed, saw the soldiers remain standing, they would take scandal from it; and besides, if they knelt, I would not have trouble afterwards in obliging the Indians to remain kneeling. The soldiers turned out in fine number, knelt during the whole time, with a blameless deportment to the great edification of the Indians. At the Gospel, I turned toward the soldiers and addressed a few words to them in English, after which I gave an instruction in the Indian tongue.

During my sojourn in these parts, three little children died without baptism,—partly, because I really had not time to baptize the whole world, and partly, too, because the parents, out of their ignorance, sent me no word of the condition of the little ones. It is exceedingly difficult to convert the ailing Indians, unless they have been well instructed while in good health; for it seems that in the time of sickness all the powers of darkness are leagued against the poor savage. In the first place, the parents offer such stout opposition, that the priest is unable to see the sick person; for they fear that the presence of a priest will only aggravate the evil. So, they put off the missioner, telling him to come back when the poor person who is dying will have recovered. This very case happened to me with regard to a poor Indian who had several wives, and who died without altering his condition. Other obstacles, too, are the superstitions, of which the Indians cannot ever rid themselves.

The other day, an Indian came to tell me that a woman whom I had baptized last year, was dying at Citon, distant

about forty miles. I mounted my horse, and after six hours brisk ride, arrived at the woman's hut. I heard her confession, and after two days she died.

Indian Cunning.—I was one day engaged in hearing confessions in a hut when a young man, married but a short time ago, came, to bid me hurry to see his wife, and baptize her, for she was dying. I went and found a woman who had not, at all, the appearance of a sick person, and who upon my questioning her assured me that she was quite well. I told her that her husband had come, to inform me that she wished to be baptized, for that she was dying. The woman then broke into a fit of rage against her husband, crying out: "My husband lied. He knew that I intended to leave him, so he said,—'You intend to leave me do you? Very good, I'll go and get the Black Robe to make you be baptized and marry me; then you cannot leave me, for you will not be allowed to marry any one else.'" On hearing this, the Indians who stood by all laughed heartily. The woman continued: "That man is a wretch. He is forever beating me, and has even gone so far as to try to choke me. I do not wish ever again to hear anything about him." Pretending then to speak in earnest, I said to her: "So you are not yet baptized? Well now, you just cast about for another husband, and I'll marry you to him." At this, the Indians again broke into roars of laughter, and the poor young husband stood sheepishly apart, utterly confused, and not daring to open his lips. When leaving, I told him for his consolation that it was impossible to settle the matter just then, as they were both very angry, and that I would reserve my decision for another time.

Suicide among the Indians.— Itorkujipujop was a young Indian of such refined manners, that one would almost take him for a civilized man. His tender-heartedness was the ruin of him. Last winter, he wished to take to wife a young Indian girl raised by Itarka, and so he asked her hand of him. Itarka intended to await the coming of the Black

Robe, so that the marriage might proceed regularly, and after the baptism of the parties; but moved by the repeated insistence of the young lover, he gave the girl up to him. Soon after Itorkujipujop took up with a young widow, and eloped with her. The young girl's parents pursued the fugitives, and fired upon them twice, but without bringing them down either time. On my arrival, I made him give up the young girl; but one day she came to meet Itorkujipujop, telling him that his brother had outraged her. The young Indian, unwilling to take revenge on his brother, turned his gun upon himself, and shot himself in the heart. He died almost instantly.

The Medicine Lodge.—According to their tradition, the Indians have to hold every year a *Medicine Lodge* or sun-dance, so as to obtain success in their chase. I had been told that at these fêtes there was a great deal of superstition and much immorality; therefore, I have often shown my displeasure on the subject of the Lodge. One day, White Calf came to tell me that he wished to hold a Medicine Lodge, but, on the other hand, he would not like to offend me; so he came to learn what there was allowable in it, and what was forbidden. I explained to him that they might without any harm sink the posts and erect their lodge, beat the drums, dance beseeming dances, and have their speeches; but that they were not allowed to utter evil prayers, nor to offer anything whatever to the sun. White Calf was very well satisfied at this, and, a few days after, all the Indians of Birch Creek gathered at the agency, to take part in the ceremony. I wished to see from afar how the thing was carried on, and take occasion from it to instruct the savages who flocked thither in large numbers. I remained in the camp five days, taking my meals in White Calf's hut, and soon perceived that the general intention was to offer a great sacrifice. The better instructed among the savages intended to offer their sacrifice to God, and looked upon the present time as one of prayer. Before lighting their pipes, they caressed them tenderly in their hands. When

the pipes were lit, one of the Indians filled his mouth with smoke and held up the long stem of the calumet; then turning his face to the sky, he blew a cloud of smoke toward the heavens, and pronounced the words, "To God." Soon after, he came to ask me what I thought of his action. I told him that there was no harm in it, waiting for a more favorable opportunity of instructing him better. One of them then brought out to an Indian woman a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. Before eating, the woman prayed for a while; then taking a bit of the bread between her thumb and forefinger, with her other fingers she dug a hole in the ground, and cast the bread into it; after this she moistened it with a little coffee. I disapproved entirely of that proceeding, and took occasion from it to instruct the savages who stood around me. The Indians had with them (as the ceremony demanded) seven or eight tongues of beef, which had been faithfully kept for the sacrifice, although they had nothing else to eat; for this camp, you must know, is quite a poor one. I myself was then suffering with keen hunger; indeed, I literally "heard the barkings of hunger," and casting a glance at the tongues of beef, I suggested, laughingly, that it would be much wiser to serve them up for us at supper. The tongues were surrounded with dry cow dung which one of the Indians proceeded forthwith to light, and the smoke of which was to serve as perfume to the tongues during the sacrifice. When this was over, I told them seriously that such sacrifices would not be pleasing to God; for the Black Robe now offers in their midst the sacrifice of the Mass, a sacrifice above all others, for in it is offered up to God His own Son. Henceforth, then, the Black Robe must be to them in the place of their wise woman. The Indians at these words eyed me with some suspicion, but said nothing.

The following day, I made an excursion of some ten miles into the neighboring country, accompanied by two of White Calf's sons, and in the evening I returned again. On arriving I heard some of the people praying; but a child who stood at the door of the hut bade me not to enter,

pointing out another hut where I could remain, for at that moment they were holding the *Okan*, that is, they were blessing the tongues of beef; how, I do not know, I said to myself that some evil was surely going on within, else how explain their refusing to allow me to be present. However, as I was weary with fatigue, I betook myself to the hut pointed out to me. The Indians soon perceived from my stern bearing toward them that I disapproved of their Medicine Lodge. I remained for some time among them, but without speaking a word to any one. One of the savages, to break the silence, made bold to ask me, if I was hungry. I told him that I would eat by and by, adding that if they continued to carry on in this manner, I would be obliged to leave them altogether. Thus far, they had refused to tell me what they did at their prayers, and this I took for a very bad sign. I concluded by telling them that the Medicine Lodge was their ruin; for every year some heavy evil had befallen them during it. Last year, one of them was murdered; this year, another committed suicide; they lose a month and a half in idleness, and instead of pleasing God, they offend Him. After this I left the hut, stopping only to shake hands with one of the children who accompanied me in the morning, and who was now watching me with a sad countenance.

In the hurry of leaving, I forgot to tuck up my habit before mounting my horse, so that a gust of wind caught it, and spread it out, giving me the appearance of a man with wings. The Indians followed me with their eyes full of wonderment. I soon lost sight of the camp, and in order to avoid meeting White Calf, returned to Birch Creek by *the road*. On the following day, White Calf sent one of the sub-chiefs of his camp, to tell me that he was very sorry for having begun the Lodge. . . . He was anxious now to know, if I had determined to forsake the savages. I answered that if the savages intended to obey the law of God, I would never abandon them; but that if they wished to set up for teachers and dictate to me how God was to be honored, I would certainly leave them. I finished by say-

ing that on the following day I would leave for the Mission of St. Peter.

The Indians knew that, at least, after a few days I would have to return to that mission, and this was why I wished to hasten my departure and leave them suddenly, so as to give them a lesson.

I believed that when I was returning I would be able to cross Pan river at almost any place, for the water did not seem to me to be very deep. But when I had reached about half way across, my horse could scarcely touch bottom; and being no longer able to resist the current, threw himself on his left side. I tried to release myself from the saddle, and leap into the water, but in so doing, I somehow gave the bridle a vigorous jerk that sent the horse springing to his feet. I then paused an instant, but at last drew clear of the danger. On reaching the opposite bank, I turned to look at the treacherous waters, and asked myself what I was thinking of at that so critical a moment. I had not given a thought to the danger I was in, for all my attention was fixed on guiding the horse. Later on, however, I recognized in my deliverance a special providence of heaven, for the left hand pocket of my habit, in which was a little statue of St. Joseph, remained perfectly dry; while the other was soaking wet.

And now, Rev. Father, I have arrived at the end of my excursion among the savages. After to-morrow I leave again for Birch Creek; for I have taken sufficient rest during the past few weeks in the mission of St. Peter. Since my arrival here I have learned that the agent is having his share of troubles; for the Indians, driven by hunger, made an outbreak on the agency; tore open the doors, and carried off the food. Soldiers were called out by the agent, and came in great numbers. But on the day of the distribution of provisions, Colonel Kent dispatched a company of soldiers to the agency, to weigh the rations, and they found some which fell far short of the weight assigned. The Colonel sent a report of this to Washington. Thus it is

that the agent will have other misfortunes, too; and we can repeat our proverb: *chi la fo l'asppetti;*—who doth evil to others, let him fear evils for himself. We can say likewise: *Salutem ex inimicis nostris;* for as long as these are at discord among themselves, they will leave us in peace.

I must not forget to thank you, Rev. Father, for having decided to establish a residence at Birch Creek, and for having destined another priest to evangelize the Blackfeet.

In the hope of seeing all your wishes accomplished, and in union with your holy sacrifices,

Your Reverence's humble servant in Christ,

P. Prando, S. J.

FROM THE SAME TO HIS SUPERIOR.

Black Rock Camp.

Reverend Father Superior,

P. C.

On August the 28th, I reached the Indian camp where I found things greatly changed. The Indians had been driven by hunger to threaten the agent's life, and he had called on the troops to protect him. This terrified the poor savages whose minds were full of former horrors, and they struck into the mountains. Peace was finally restored, however, and when the savages returned, they found in the soldiers their most devoted friends. Colonel Kent showed them great kindness by obtaining from the government an increase of rations.

My first Sunday here, the church was thronged and Col. Moole and the other soldiers seemed highly pleased with the ceremonies.

There is a vein of romance in the nature of these savages that accounts for their great love of song, and which greatly aids me in teaching them prayers and the truths of religion. I kept only the baptized after Mass, and the married people, to instruct them separately. I first congratulated them on their fidelity in keeping their promise of retaining but one wife. This I dare not do to all, as I have great anxiety

about their fidelity. Afterwards, I questioned them one after another, and found to my great surprise that every one of them had scrupulously kept their word, giving full liberty to their former wives to do as they wished. Among others, there was one Indian who answered my questions with an energy that not only greatly consoled me, but also had a good effect on the rest.

This separation of the savages from many wives is a great sacrifice. One day while the Indians were listening to one of these instructions, I called for a large knife and putting it like a sword in my girdle, I told them that the Black Robe had orders from the Son of God to take the sword and, going among those who had many wives, to separate them. Then knife in hand I added, "for this have I come among you, to separate you in the name of God from your many wives. But, as you are aware, my knife is not the one you here behold; it is the commandment of God. For the moment, I know this separation gives you pain; but what will be your joy hereafter, when you will be the friends of God and forever happy in heaven!" My words pleased them and they greatly approved of my oratorical device. Every one at Innikkayantassa camp asked for baptism, and for the eight following days, they crossed the river regularly, to assist at instruction. The last day, I selected those only from among them who were free from impediments. With the exception of two, all were disposed to give up their women; but these two, though willing to give them up, still insisted as a condition that these were not to marry again, but were to live secluded in a hut set apart for them, for they did not like the idea of their sons being maltreated by other men. I tried my best to compromise matters; but to no avail, and so they had to be rejected as unworthy of the Sacrament. The chief Innikkayantassa, seeing their obstinacy, stood up and left the church indignantly. One of the polygamists who has six wives rose also and left the church followed by them, and the other who had refused baptism, cried out on leaving, "let us all go;" but he found no followers save his wives. I then concluded my

instruction and baptized twenty-eight adults and blessed six marriages.

The next day, the church was filled with Indians who have the custom of bringing their dogs with them. This was a cause of annoyance to me; so I placed a sentinel at the door with strict orders to allow no dog into the church, and also to prevent the two Indians from entering, who on the previous day had refused to part with their wives. Towards evening, one of these came to beg my pardon, saying that the chief's conduct had irritated him, but I took the good chief's part, commending his action in every respect, and after exhorting him to abandon his wives, I promised him baptism. That he promised to do. Sometime later, one of the tribe came to intercede again for him, and during the night Onistagissa himself came secretly, to tell me that some months before, his little daughter had fallen into consumption, and fearing to lose her, he had made a vow to God that if his child were cured, he would become a Christian. "Now," said he, "my child is in perfect health, and I wish to fulfil my promise. There is now remaining no obstacle but my wives, whom from this moment, I permit to do as they please." I praised these sentiments, and on the following day baptized him, and blessed his marriage with one of his wives. The chief Issarki tells me that the other recalcitrant, since the death of his daughter and the loss of all his horses, gives signs of mental derangement, a statement I am inclined to believe.

I few days ago, one of the savages while in conversation with Colonel Moole, to prove his asseveration, showed him a medal that he carried round his neck, and lifting it towards heaven said: "See by this that I cannot lie; for I wear this medal. "The Colonel who is also a Catholic drew forth his own and replied: "I too, as you see, wear a medal." Since then they are the best of friends.

Pitnotokun came on a visit to me, and being quite blind was led by his wife. He met me on the road and invited me to go and baptize at his home a child of six years that was dying of consumption. I did so, and regenerated at

the same time two other infants. On my return he accompanied me for the purpose of receiving baptism himself, and on the way he never ceased praying. Though I was riding before him, I could easily overhear his fervent prayers. When I proposed to him to give up one of his two women, he made no resistance, saying that from that moment he gave them up, with perfect freedom to do as they pleased. A few moments completed his instruction, as he had been very attentive to my sermons, and the next day, I baptized himself and his first wife. I think I have never met an Indian in better dispositions.

These Indians scrupulously avoid intermarriage with relatives; I could never find out to what degree this extends.

When a young man marries the eldest daughter, he has the refusal of the other sisters, and it is not a rare case to meet a man who takes to wife all the daughters of a family. Not long ago, an Indian who had two wives asked for baptism. I asked him if he was ready to give up the second one who was with her father at the time. He said he would willingly, should her father agree to return the six horses he had received at their marriage. The compromise was effected and he was baptized. The girl in question was but seven years old at the time, and was then married two years, while he was a man of fifty years.

Some days since, while I was teaching prayers to some Indians in a house, the master of the house was on the point of entering when, of a sudden a young girl cried out to him: "Stop she is here." Hearing this, the man turned round and started back to the field.

On inquiring what all this meant, I was informed that there exists a custom among them forbidding the son-in-law from ever looking on his mother-in-law, and vice versa. This is why he dare not enter, for the old lady was in the house. I told them that when there was question of religion such customs should not be observed, for no one should deprive himself of instruction on so slight grounds. This seemed to embarrass them, for on the one hand not wishing to violate their usage, yet on the other they were

loath to displease the Black Robe. But the old lady found a way out of the difficulty by prostrating herself in one corner of the room with her face to the ground. She was then covered by some garment and the other women took up their position in front of her. This done, I went out and brought in the son in-law after some difficulty, who took to the opposite corner of the apartment, where he remained with back to the audience during the instruction. When it was over, the old lady went out first, and he then sat down contented.

P. PRANDO, S. J.

Letter from Father Morillo.

LAPWAI, IDAHO TY., Jany. 2nd 1883.

REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,

P. C.

I lately visited a sick woman at Camiai to whom I gave the sacraments and consoled her in her trouble. The poor creature, besides suffering from a painful and obstinate disease, has many trials to bear on account of her conversion. Last year, I was called to Camiai in the Nez-percés territory, to baptize a woman on her death bed. She had heard several of our sermons and her heart could no longer resist the conviction she felt that ours was the only true church. Still there were many obstacles over which she had no control. Her husband being a Protestant, she was forced to live in a heretical country where blasphemies and calumnies against the Catholic Church were ever falling on her ears. But God in His mercy overcame all these difficulties at a stroke, by sending her a mortal sickness that opened her eyes to the rigor of His judgments in the next world. She now decided to renounce Protestantism and asked for baptism. When I reached her the disease had somewhat abated, which made me fear a little for her constancy, but I soon recognized the complete triumph of grace in her soul. As my time was limited and she seemed well instructed in the faith, I gave her conditional absolution and baptism, after a

very brief instruction. Her husband promised me he would live amicably with her, and I then left them, with a fervent prayer to God for the perseverance of His regenerated daughter.

When the news of this conversion got abroad, loud cries went up from the heretical Indians. They would never allow any Catholic in their territory, belonging as it did to Protestants, and Catholicism being an exotic plant was brought there by the evil one. This anathema incurred by the wife on her becoming a Catholic made it impossible for her Protestant husband to live with her; so they were forced to separate, though he was much attached to his wife. She, on her part, might easily have escaped this war declared against her, but so powerfully did the grace of the Holy Ghost strengthen her, that she did not seem to mind it in the least. Such perseverance in one scarcely initiated in the truths of our faith appears to me to be a little less than a miracle of grace; especially when I remember that she knows but few prayers and sees a priest only two or three times a year. Her husband, I am sure, adheres to his errors more as a family inheritance than for any solid reason, for he is a good simple man at heart. Were it not for his simplicity, he would have been a Catholic long ago. Once he received a medal that he kept very carefully, and having lost it, he unfortunately met a Protestant minister who baptized him. The man submitted to this very willingly, for as he looked at things, it was better to be a Christian of any sort than an infidel. All this happened when there were no Black Gowns in the country. He is now surrounded by a crowd of ministers who are alternately sending all Black Gowns to hell or extolling them to heaven, and hence he has come to the conclusion that all religions are equally good, and considers himself free to serve God in his own way.

I was afterwards called on to baptize an old blind woman who had received baptism from the heretics during the quarrel between the Americans and the Nez-Percés, when the Indians were taught to look upon Protestantism as the

surest means of gaining government favor. This blind woman assured me she knew nothing of her religion except that water had been poured on her head. Fearing she would not be able to learn the prayers, she had not dared to ask for baptism from the Black Gown. These difficulties soon vanished, and after a few instructions she was ready for conditional baptism, when I gave her the name of Susanna.

I went to see the wife of Branchard who is suffering from paralysis. I then said Mass and gave them both communion. The husband is subject to heart disease, by which he may be carried off at any moment. Contrary to all expectation, we had a little feast in our chapel on the day of the Assumption; for at this season the Indians are usually dispersed. I omit many other incidents which, though edifying, are not extraordinary. I unite myself with your prayers.

Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

A. Morrillo, S. J.

SPOKANE MISSION.

Letter from Father Jacquet.

Spokane Falls, St. Michael's Mission,
June 8th, 1883.

Rev. Dear Father,

P. C.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be loved everywhere more and more!

I am sure that you are wondering why I have not written to you sooner about Spokane Falls, the Indians etc. Well as soon as Fr. Cataldo saw me, almost the first thing he told me was, "what a pity you could not have been here for the Sunday after Easter, to see the gathering of the Indians on the occasion of the visit of the Bishop; it would have given you an idea of our work here. However, you will have another chance, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, at the Cœur d'Alène mission. I will so manage as to make

you go there. The Archbishop of Oregon and the Bishop of Montana are expected to be there." So I laid in hopes of seeing something not often witnessed, and to give you an account of it; for though this is a mission among the Indians too, yet there are none around here now, all being either fishing, hunting, or gathering roots. However, as on the Sunday before the Feast of the Sacred Heart, I was, after saying Mass at Spokane Falls, returning to the mission here, my horse got suddenly scared, and before I had time to control him, threw me against a tree to the ground. I had hurt my shoulder pretty badly, without, however, having any bones broken. I managed to walk back to the mission, and got some horse-liniment put on it, till something better could be had at Spokane Falls, eight miles from here. I was kept in bed for four days, and have to carry my arm in a sling yet. But what is more to the point is this. The Brother who took care of me, in fixing up my room, saw some papers which he thought I did not need, and destroyed them. What were there but my notes on my trip across the ocean, about Spokane Falls, the neighboring places, when after getting better, I wished to send them after copying them! I looked for them in vain; to my great disappointment, I perceived they had been destroyed.

Not to make you wait any longer, I prefer to let you know it. I do not think the WOODSTOCK LETTERS will lose much.

I will try to get up something else. Meanwhile, believe me, your devoted servant in S. C. J. A. JACQUET, S. J.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, Spokane Falls has been united to the outside world by the Northern Pacific Railroad. The usual fate, no doubt, awaits the poor Indian, but great advantage must accrue to the Church from the presence of our Fathers, who, failing the Indians, will have more than enough to do in saving the souls of the whites, who will crowd in with the railroad and civilization. And thus will, perhaps, be the final history of all the Rocky Mountain Missions before twenty-five years have passed away.

ED. LETTERS.

OBITUARY.

Father William T. Whiteford, S. J.

(*From the Georgetown College Journal.*)

Born September 19, 1843; died April 16, 1883.

So sad a day rarely falls into the calendar of college life as that, which we had thought to keep as a jubilee for the founding of the Jesuit missions in Maryland, Monday, April 16, 1883. At supper, on the evening previous, we were shocked by the announcement that Father Whiteford, whose absence none had noted, so recently had he been amongst us on the play-ground and in the class-room, was dangerously ill; but no one was prepared to believe that the hearty, robust, genial geutleman whose presence and speech were everywhere eloquent of life and health, was really within a few hours of his death. He had for some days complained of a cold and of oppression on the chest, but not until Saturday morning about 10 o'clock, did he consent to go to bed for treatment. Symptoms of pneumonia and pericarditis manifested themselves early on Saturday night, and by 9 o'clock A. M., on Sunday, the disease had taken so malignant a hold on the sufferer, that it was evident even his vigorous frame would find difficulty in casting it off. From the first appearance of alarming symptoms Father Whiteford declared that his end was imminent, and with resignation and fortitude he set about making needful preparation and all final arrangements. In the full possession of his faculties, which indeed he lost only with life, he received reverently and devoutly the last rites of the Church about 8 P. M., on Sunday, and entered upon his last night on earth in great pain and distress, for the ravages of the disease upon his heart and lungs had made respiration exceedingly difficult and labored.

Frequently, as the hours wore on, he renewed the offer-

ing of his life to God, fervently commended himself to the prayerful remembrance of all who loved him, and in all respects bore himself as a true soldier of the cross, fighting the last good fight. Two of his brothers, both of them physicians, kept watch by his bed-side during that painful night, and nothing that skill and affection could suggest was denied him. Once, when the agony of pain grew more violent, he asked if no anodyne could be administered that would bring relief. He was told that a potion could be given for the purpose, but that it would at the same time compromise his vitality and render him unconscious in the moment of death. He declined the relief to be thus dearly bought, and bore his sufferings without murmur to the end. This came at 8.30 A. M., on Monday, April 16, and our day of recreation was mournfully ushered in by the tolling of the *De Profundis* bell.

Father Whiteford was but sixteen years old on entering the Society of Jesus, and he passed through the usual probations of the Order, coming first to Georgetown in 1863, to make his philosophical studies; after which he was employed in teaching and in theological studies until 1876, when he returned to Georgetown to assume the position of First Prefect and Professor of English Literature. Here he remained almost without interruption up to the day of his death; at one time Vice President of the College, at another Professor either of Rhetoric or poetry, but in all positions the college boy's friend, guide and counsellor.

It would be presumption on our part to touch upon the portions of Father Whiteford's career spent in other institutions of his Order, as it would be a task unfitting our pen to attempt a portraiture of his character in these columns. We can tell only what he was to us and to the generations of students, our immediate predecessors. By reason of his fresh, kindly nature, his sound, practical views, his erudition, his refined literary taste, his strong affections, and, in a word, that complex of characteristics, mental and moral, which men call magnetism, he was peculiarly fitted to win the esteem of young men, and to mould and influence,

where he seemed only to amuse and entertain. In the class-room and on the play-ground, whether the question was one of intellect or of heart, Father Whiteford's approval or reproof was never a matter of indifference to the student under his eye. Who of us that ever sat before him at his desk can forget the uninterrupted play of wit, sparkling and spontaneous, called out by every line of his favorite Horace or his familiar Juvenal; the keen satire, which acted as a spur to the laggard, while the victim could not mistake the kindly motive that prompted its use; the unfailing cheerfulness which cast spirit into the dullest task; the hearty good humor which enchained attention and bound the class together under the spell of his genial presence. He was a born *magister*, and he added to acquirements and native talents, a gift rarer than learning or strong intellectual powers, the faculty of imparting information. Not only for members of his own class, but for all the students who chose to share the privilege, his room held out a welcome always, and he was never seen to better advantage as a man of mind and heart, than when seated in his easy chair, surrounded by a group of past or present students, and, bubbling over with humor, wit and kindliest feeling, he rehearsed anecdotes, recalled incidents of college life, sent his barbed shafts against the foibles and follies of men and things, and ruled, a "master of the feast," at these *symposia* of letters.

Where weightier interests were in question, Fr. Whiteford displayed zeal worthy of his calling, and it is safe to say that no professor of our time exercised more potent or more salutary influence over the minds and hearts of students. A word of counsel from him was prized; a principle of action, accepted without question; a look or speech of reproof, received in grateful submission, and even the less docile were amenable to the friendly guidance which his sense of duty taught him how to exercise.

It does not become us to dwell upon the marks of esteem and affection which the students spontaneously paid Father Whiteford's worth. The gloom that overspread the com-

munity and, for days after his death, repressed the effervescent spirits of youth, spoke louder than words of the place he held in their lives, and his gentle loving nature would have found rich reward for all his service in our behalf, in the grief his loss entailed, and in the prayers his death claimed from our sorrowing hearts. The class of Rhetoric, which he had resigned only a few weeks before, and the class of Poetry, which he was actually teaching when death set a term to his labors, shared the privilege of watching his remains, and of extending to them the last marks of respect: nor was it difficult to see that genuine affection rather than forms of custom dictated the ministrations to their deceased professor.

Not those only from whom death immediately withdrew him have found cause for sorrowing in his loss. Old students scattered over the land were shocked and grieved to hear the grievous news, and our columns might easily be filled with the warm tributes from "old boys" who knew and loved him.

"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,"

this good man, zealous priest, loyal friend and ideal professor. He has left a place in our midst not soon to be filled, a memory too dear ever to be forgotten, and the pious wish of the humble Christian, that by all who loved him here his soul's needs should be faithfully remembered in prayer. Let thus our affection follow him, whom death has placed beyond the reach of other love.

Brother James O'Neill.

Brother James O'Neill, who was called to his reward, June 13th, 1883, was born in the County Longford, Ireland, May 25th, 1815. He left his home for Canada at the age of twenty-two, and, after a voyage of as many months as it now takes days to cross the ocean, he arrived in the Provinces, in May, 1837. Here he spent but a very short time. Crossing over to the States and applying for admission into the Society, he was sent to White Marsh and thence to Frederick, where he began his noviceship, September 1st,

1843. His noviceship over, he was dispatched to the newly founded College of the Holy Cross, where he spent the remainder of his life, the single year 1853 excepted.

No one that lived at Holy Cross during all these years, whether as a student or member of the community, could fail to be impressed with the evidence of strong, natural character and the example of really solid and deep-rooted virtue manifested in the life of good Brother Jimmy, as he was familiarly called. Charity, patience, a love of labor and devotion to the Society and to his special calling in it were the virtues he cultivated.

He was a man of large heart, of ready sprightly wit, that could force a smile to the face of the most downcast. Charity was his pet virtue and, the better to satisfy its promptings within the very limited sphere of his influence, he brought into play with a simplicity truly childlike, all the gifts with which God had blessed him. His very retentive memory kept stored up recollections of his early life; full of incident and always savoring of the mirthful, with which, when asked, he would entertain his brethren in recreation; and with such marvellous interest would he tell his story and with such wonderful exactness of detail and vividness of discription as to fill you with admiration of the great natural gifts of the man.

He was always ready to supply, in as far as he could, the needs of his brethren; and with such a warmth of good will would he lend himself to meet your little necessities, that you carried away a very wholesome lesson of the magic power of self-sacrifice and brotherly love.

One that knew nothing of his bodily sufferings would be led to believe from his massive frame, that he was a stranger to the name of sickness, and yet chronic asthma that forced him periodically to take to his bed and, finally, caused his death, and other maladies kept him constantly on the rack of suffering; but his indomitable energy would never succumb till resistance was physically impossible, and then you might apprehend the worst. In one of these attacks he passed away in the peace of God.

Father John Schoenmakers.

On Saturday, July 30th, Father John Schoenmakers died at the St. Francis' Institution, Osage Mission, Kansas, after having received the rites of the Church.

He was born in the town of Waspick, Langstaat, a province of North Brabant, in Holland, in 1807. He was ordained priest in 1833. Shortly after his ordination, he sailed for America with the intention of becoming a missionary. He landed in New York, on the 25th of December; thence he proceeded to Georgetown, D. C., where he was admitted as a novice in the Society of Jesus, on the 16th of January, 1824. In July of that same year, he with several other missionaries left for St. Louis, Mo. He worked zealously in and about that city until the spring of 1847, when divine providence called him to another field of apostolic labor, the desolate region of south-eastern Kansas. About this time, Father Verreydt's zealous little band was traversing various portions of Kansas and had also met with the Osage Indians; but as it had fixed its principal missionary station among the Pottawatomies, at St. Mary's, it could not, on account of the great distance between these two tribes, attend to the welfare of the Osages. Father Van de Velde, then Vice-Provincial of the Missouri Province, thought it best to erect a new station in the south-eastern part of Kansas. After Father Verreydt, who was well acquainted with the Osage reservation, had selected the spot, which is now known as Osage Mission, the Provincial appointed Father John Schoenmakers, as its first Superior.

Father Schoenmakers accepted his new appointment, and at once prepared himself for its demands. Having collected sufficient supplies for a long and tedious journey, he, with Father John Bax and three Brothers, left St. Louis for Kansas in the spring of 1847. He ascended the Missouri river as far as Kansas City where he found some three or four huts built along the riverside. From Kansas City, he directed his course towards the south-west in wagons, drawn

by oxen. The inconveniences encountered on this journey can be better imagined than described; but as these zealous laborers knew that they were doing a work of love, they overcame their natural repugnances in an heroic manner. After several days of travelling, they reached their mission on the 28th of April, 1847, and occupied at once their new residence, consisting of two log houses, prepared for them. Father Schoenmakers, knowing the importance not only of religion and literature, but also of manual labor, inaugurated what was then called: "A manual labor school for Indian boys." Having provided for the Indian boys, his next task was for the good of the girls, which entailed not a little difficulty; but ever ready to promote God's greater glory, he was equal to the emergency. He proceeded at once to Kentucky and there, with the permission of the Rev. Bishop of Louisville, obtained sisters of the Congregation of Loretto. With this new corps a school for Indian girls was opened on the 10th of October, 1847. As Father Schoenmakers had his schools in fair progress, his next solicitude was to procure farmers and mechanics. With regard to farming, he soon taught the art to the Indians, but to obtain artisans, he was obliged to invite strangers, who, after some hesitation, finally gave their aid to the promotion of the mission. When these few volunteers saw that it was possible to live amongst the Osages, whose very name was a terror to all the whites living along the borders of Missouri and Arkansas, they, in turn, invited their friends to settle among them, and thus began the settlement of the whites in south-eastern Kansas.

In September, 1869, the Indians ceded by treaty their lands, nine million acres, to the United States, and migrated to their new reservation in the Indian Territory. The departure of these souls grown so dear to Father Schoenmakers was a sad blow for him, but ever vigilant for doing good, the zealous missionary directed his attention to the welfare of the whites, who were now scattered around his station. The manual labor schools of the Indian boys were converted into "St. Francis' Institution for Boys," and St.

Ann's Academy succeeded to the school for Indian girls; under these names these houses of education are known, at the present day, throughout the West. The flourishing condition of both institutions and the good they have done are due to the pains of our departed Father.

The career of Father Schoenmakers was, perhaps, a hidden one, but those who were acquainted with him and were eye-witnesses of his zeal, testify that his reward must be exceedingly great in heaven. Only on the last day, shall be known what privations and hardships he had to endure, in promoting God's greater glory and the salvation of souls. May his soul rest in peace.

Mr. James Aloysius Mugan.

On the 11th of October, at the College of Las Vegas, New Mexico, died Mr. James Aloysius Mugan in the twenty-third year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis of the brain which in his already weakened state easily proved fatal.

He had come to Mew Mexico in March last, hoping that the climate, so beneficial to consumptives, would rid him of the disease—pulmonary consumption—from which he was suffering. He had contracted an affection of the lungs during his Juniorate at Frederick, but he paid no attention to it until it had developed into consumption. The disease rapidly grew worse, and by the time he came to Las Vegas, it was in a stage so advanced, that the physicians deemed his case hopeless. But when we saw the wonderful improvement that New Mexican air effected in him, we began to have well-grounded hopes of his recovery, and it is hard to say what the result would have been, if this new disease had not attacked him.

Mr. Mugan was born in Providence, R. I., on the 11th of February, 1860. He made his studies at St. Mary's College, Montreal, where his course throughout was an exceptionally brilliant one, distinguished, not less by his rare talent,

than by his piety and the winning natural qualities that most endeared him to every one that knew him. After graduating with all the honors of his class, he entered the Novitiate of Manresa, West Park, for the old mission of New York.

This time, he used to say, was the happiest of his life: and one of the most amiable traits in his entirely amiable character was the grateful affection he was so fond of expressing, for Fr. Daubresse and Fr. Gleason, his two Masters of Novices. It is not surprising that his recollections of Manresa remained always so fresh and so dear to him, because the air of the Novitiate seemed never to have left him. Up to the last, he retained the cheerfulness and modesty, the forgetfulness of self, and a certain charming enthusiasm, which are supposed to characterize the novice.

And for the other and solider virtues, every one that has lived with him knows that his words and actions were ruled always by an exquisite charity, and a humility that were always unobtrusive, because always sincere.

Certainly, if sickness is a good test for the quality of a man's virtue, his gold was well proven pure. During the whole time of his illness, no one ever heard him utter a word of impatience. He seemed afraid only of giving trouble; he complained only that too much care was taken of him; and those who know Fr. Pantanella, will not need to be told that he did everything that could be done, to make his last days happy.

Mr. Mugan's death was a fitting close to so beautiful a life. It was attended by no suffering, no appearance of agony; life left him so gently, that his dying seemed rather a sinking into sleep, And as became a Jesuit, the last act of his life was to kiss the feet of the crucifix, in obedience to Fr. Rector's suggestion, and it was on the crucifix that his eyes were fixed dying, and in death.—R. I. P.

Brother Richard O'Connell.

The old proverb, common but true—naught so uncertain as life—receives now and then striking confirmation. Just one month ago (October 14), St. Ignatius, Baltimore, resounded with alleluias at the "Golden Jubilee" of one of us, and to-day, (Nov. 14th), robed in sable, it echoes the "de profundis" and "requiescat in pace" for another who wanted only two years of the half century of religious life.

Brother Richard O'Connell, while glazing on the fourth floor, fell from a window to a porch some forty-five feet below, and died two or three minutes afterwards. Fr. Clarke was summoned by a Brother who saw the accident, and he arrived in time to give conditional absolution.

While yet a young man, following his trade at Savannah, Ga., Brother O'Connell repeatedly felt the insistence of divine grace, urgently calling him to the religious state; yielding at last, he came to Georgetown, and entered the Society in 1835, being then twenty-seven years old.

During his religious life, he was remarkable, chiefly, for humility, industry, kindness, and cheerfulness, always ready to assist with lightsome word or helping hand, a weary brother. Death met him engaged in the work obedience had alloted him, and not unprepared for the encounter by a life of labor and humility. He received Holy Communion on the very day the sad accident ocurred. His whole career suggested a pleasing pattern to those in the same station. There is a grandeur of life as well as of knowledge, and the perfect model of conduct which the life of B. Alphonsus exhibits, is no less precious to the world than the genius of a Laynez. Those who knew Brother O'Connell are aware how manfully he strove to reproduce a living copy of the chivalrous knighthood and loyal fealty "to our fair Father Christ" of his illustrious patron.—R. I. P.

INDULGENCE FOR THE PRAYER *SUSCIPE.*

BEATISSIME PATER!

Petrus Beckx, Præpositus Generalis Societatis Jesu, ad pedes S. V. provolutus quam humillime petit, ut infra scriptæ Orationi SUSCIPE ex S. Ignatii libello Exercitiorum desumptæ aliquam indulgentiam ab omnibus utriusque sexus Christifidelibus lucrandam adnectere dignetur.

Pro qua gratia etc.

"*Suscipe, Domine, universam meam libertatem. Accipe memoriam, intellectum atque voluntatem omnem. Quidquid habeo vel possideo, mihi largitus es: id tibi totum restituo ac tuæ prorsus voluntati trado gubernandum. Amorem tui solum cum gratia tua mihi dones et dives sum satis nec aliud quidquam ultra posco.*"

Sanctissimus Dominus Noster Leo Papa XIII, in Audientia habita die 26 Maii, 1883, ab infrascripto Substituto Secretariæ Sacræ Congregationis Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis præpositæ, omnibus utriusque sexus Christifidelibus, qui corde saltem contrito ac devote præfatam orationem recitaverint, indulgentiam tercentum dierum, semel in die lucrandam, benigne concessit. Præsenti in perpetuum valituro absque ulla Brevis expeditione. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus. Datum Romæ ex Secretaria ejusdem Sacræ Congregationis, die 26 Maii, 1883.

Al. Card. Oreglia a S. Stephano, *Præfectus.*

L. S.

Josephus M. Can. Coselli, *Substitutus.*

Concordat cum Originali asservato in nostro Archivio.

PETRUS BECKX,

(TRANSLATION).

MOST HOLY FATHER!

Peter Beckx, Superior General of the Society of Jesus, prostrate at the feet of your Holiness humbly begs that you will grant an indulgence, to be gained by all the faithful of both sexes, to the following prayer. "Take, O Lord," from the book of the Exercises of St. Ignatius.

For which favor, etc.

"*Take O Lord, all my liberty. Receive my memory, my understanding, and my whole will. Whatever I have or possess Thou hast given it to me. To Thee I restore it all and hand it over wholly to be disposed of according to Thy will. Give me only Thy love and Thy grace, and I am rich enough and ask nothing else.*"

Our Most Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, in an Audience granted, May 26th, 1883, to the undersigned, substitute from the Secretary's office of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, graciously granted to all the faithful of both sexes, who with a contrite heart shall devoutly recite the aforesaid prayer, an indulgence of three hundred days to be gained once a day. The concession hereby granted to hold good forever, without the formality of a Brief. Given at Rome from the Secretary's office of the aforesaid Sacred Congregation, May 26th, 1883.

Al. Card. Oreglia a S. Stephano, *Prefect.*

L. S.

Joseph M. Can. Coselli, *Substitute.*

The above is a true copy of the original perserved in our Archives.

PETER BECKX.

GONGREGATIO GENERALIS XXIII

A RESTITUTA SOCIETATE IV.

A. R. P. N. BECKX

Præpositus Generalis.

NOMEN ET COGNOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
ASSISTENTES ET PROVINCIALES			
P. Firminus Costa, *Assistens Hispaniæ*.....	11 Oct. 1806	14 Feb. 1826	15 Aug. 1841
P. Ambrosius Rubillon, *Assistens Galliæ*.....	7 Dec. 1804	10 Sept. 1825	15 Aug. 1842
P. Josephus Boero, *Assistens Italiæ*.....	15 Aug. 1814	6 Jan. 1830	2 Feb. 1848
P. Antonius Anderledy, *Assistens Germaniæ*...	3 Jun. 1819	5 Oct. 1838	26 Mar. 1855
P. Valentinus Steccanella, *Provincialis Venetæ*...	15 Feb. 1819	10 Oct. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Vincentius Ficarelli, *Provincialis Lusitanæ*.	6 Jul. 1820	23 Oct. 1839	2 Feb. 1857
P. Franciscus Vannutelli, *Provincialis Romanæ*..	3 Jan. 1824	4 Nov. 1840	2 Feb. 1858
P. Alfredus Weld, *Assistens Angliæ*.....	5 Aug. 1823	12 Oct. 1842	2 Feb. 1860
P. Ferdinandus Ferrante, *Provincialis Siculæ*....	25 Sep. 1827	2 Nov. 1841	19 Mar. 1861
P. Franciscus Grandidier, *Provincialis Campaniæ*.	18 Jul. 1823	22 Aug. 1845	2 Feb. 1862
P. Robertus Fulton, *Provin. Maryland.N-Ebor.*	28 Jun. 1826	31 Aug. 1843	15 Aug. 1862
P. Stephanus Clairet, *Provincialis Lugdunensis*..	21 Jun. 1829	12 Oct. 1849	2 Feb. 1867
P. Mauritius Meschler, *Provincialis Germaniæ*.	16 Sep. 1830	8 Nov. 1850	2 Feb. 1867
P. Augustinus Delgado, *Provincialis Toletanæ*.	15 Oct. 1826	19 Nov. 1853	2 Feb. 1868
P. Eduardus Purbrick, *Provincialis Angliæ*...	22 Jun. 1830	15 Oct. 1851	2 Feb. 1869
P. Adrianus Carrère, *Provincialis Tolosanæ*.....	28 Oct. 1833	5 Nov. 1852	2 Feb. 1871
P. Henricus Chambellan, *Provincialis Franciæ*..	18 Jan. 1834	29 Sep. 1853	31 Jul. 1871
P. Josephus Milz, *Provincialis Austriæ*.....	25 Dec. 1841	17 Sep. 1857	2 Feb. 1875
P. Henricus Jackowski, *Provincialis Galicianæ*.	8 Aug. 1834	31 Dec. 1861	2 Feb. 1875
P. Gosuinus Van Heyst, *ProvincialisNeerlandiæ*	28 Mar. 1840	9 Jul. 1859	15 Aug. 1876
P. Joachimus Vioni, *Provincialis Neapolitanæ*..	9 Jan. 1835	29 Sep. 1855	1 Oct. 1876
P. Josephus Van Reeth, *Provincialis Belgicæ*...	6 Aug. 1843	25 Sep. 1860	2 Feb. 1878

NOMEN ET COGNOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
P. Franciscus Muruzabal, *Provincialis Castellanæ.*	29 Jan. 1842	26 Jun. 1862	15 Aug. 1878
P. Joannes Capell, *Provincialis Aragoniæ*.....	28 Sep. 1844	2 Jul. 1866	15 Aug. 1880
P. Jacobus Razzini, *Provincialis Taurinensis*..	9 Dec. 1816	8 Mai. 1834	28 Aug. 1881
P. Thomas Browne, *Provincialis Hiberniæ*.....	9 Oct. 1845	1 Aug. 1866	15 Apr. 1883
ELECTORES			
P. Eugenius Labarta.....	6 Sep. 1807	9 Oct. 1826	2 Feb. 1841
P. Adulphus Pillon.....	25 Apr. 1804	21 Aug. 1823	15 Aug. 1842
P. Franciscus X. Gautrelet	15 Feb. 1807	19 Sep. 1829	2 Feb. 1846
P. Michael Fessard.....	10 Feb. 1812	25 Oct. 1833	8 Dec. 1848
P. Ludovicus Van Gulick	21 Nov. 1813	6 Jan. 1835	2 Feb. 1850
P. Secundus Franco.....	22 Jan. 1817	5 Feb. 1832	25 Mar. 1850
P. Petrus Fontana.....	15 Sep. 1816	19 Sep. 1829	1 Apr. 1850
P. Alexander Weninger..	13 Feb. 1813	12 Aug. 1832	15 Aug. 1850
P. Amabilis Du Bourg...	15 Nov. 1813	13 Dec. 1834	15 Aug. 1850
P. Augustinus Henriet...	4 Mar. 1817	10 Oct. 1835	19 Mar. 1853
P. Josephus Félix	28 Jun. 1810	29 Sep. 1837	2 Feb. 1854
P. Petrus Gallwey.....	13 Nov. 1820	7 Sep. 1836	15 Aug. 1853
P. Petrus Portes.....	1 Aug. 1819	11 Mai. 1839	15 Aug. 1854
P. Valerianus Cardella...	10 Apr. 1820	25 Dec. 1834	2 Feb. 1855
P. Caietanus Tedeschi....	13 Sep. 1820	16 Sep. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Franciscus Lovis.....	19 Jul. 1817	1 Oct. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Franciscus Ferrante...	2 Mar. 1818	3 Nov. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Maximilianus Anselmi	13 Oct. 1819	10 Nov. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Hugo Molza.....	8 Mar. 1821	17 Oct. 1840	2 Feb. 1856
P. Caietanus Mascalchi...	17 Nov. 1823	4 Jul. 1837	2 Feb. 1857
P. Gaspar Szczepkowski..	1 Jan. 1823	12 Sep. 1840	2 Feb. 1858
P. Georgius Porter.....	27 Aug. 1825	7 Sep. 1841	2 Feb. 1860
P. Eduardus Kelly.....	3 Dec. 1824	23 Oct. 1842	2 Feb. 1860
P. Matthæus Ciravegna..	19 Mar. 1825	18 Nov. 1842	25 Mar. 1860
P. Georgius Cannata.....	17 Mai. 1827	2 Dec. 1842	15 Aug. 1861
P. Josephus E. Keller....	25 Jul. 1827	7 Dec. 1844	2 Feb. 1863
P. Josephus Jannssens...	4 Sep. 1826	24 Sep. 1845	2 Feb. 1863
P. Ambrosius Monnot....	4 Apr. 1831	11 Nov. 1846	15 Aug. 1864
P. Joan. Jos. De la Torre.	19 Mar. 1830	9 Oct. 1852	15 Aug. 1865
P. Gulielmus Blanchard..	6 Feb. 1829	7 Jan. 1851	2 Feb. 1867
P. Nicolaus Walsh.....	22 Jun. 1826	21 Feb. 1858	2 Feb. 1870
P. Antonius Langer.....	8 Sep. 1833	29 Sep. 1852	15 Aug. 1870
P. Romanus Vigordan....	28 Feb. 1822	19 Oct. 1861	2 Feb. 1872
P. Emmanuel Mourier....	7 Jan. 1835	29 Nov. 1855	15 Aug. 1872
P. EduardusHiggins, *Proc. Missouri*.....	23 Dec. 1838	15 Jul. 1854	2 Feb. 1873
P. Joannes Mayr.....	13 Feb. 1832	13 Jan. 1857	2 Feb. 1873
P. Gaspar Hoevel.....	15 Sep. 1831	14 Oct. 1856	2 Feb. 1874
P. Joach. Campo Sancto..	11 Mai. 1841	16 Jan. 1859	15 Aug. 1876
P. Franciscus Llopart....	11 Feb. 1840	21 Aug. 1859	15 Aug. 1876
P. Robertus W. Brady...	6 Oct. 1825	31 Aug. 1843	8 Mai. 1877
P. Joannes Urraburu.....	23 Mai. 1844	3 Mai. 1860	15 Aug. 1877
P. Alfredus D'Ahérée....	25 Apr. 1836	20 Mar. 1861	15 Aug. 1877
P. Benedictus Rodrigues.	14 Mai. 1842	7 Dec. 1860	19 Mar. 1878

P. Torquatus Armellini, *Secr. Soc.*
P. Josephus Betti, *Proc. Gener.* (excusatus a sessionibus)
P. Emmanuel Botalla, *Substitutus Siculæ.*

VARIA.

BELGIUM.—Ours are doing great work, but may be driven out, at any moment, by the infidel government.—In Holland, our Fathers are unmolested. In fact, about the only safe places for good Catholics, are the Protestant countries. Ours remain as well as they can in the Catholic countries, and must try to save something from the wreck.

CHINA. — By the *Letters* from Shanghai, edited by Fr. Pfister, and by those of the Scholasticate of the Province of France, *Lettres de Jersey*, we learn that Ours have two centres of work, Nan-King and Tche-ly. In Nan-King there are 553 stations, with 101,300 Christians, governed by a Bishop and 82 Jesuit Fathers. In addition to these, there are 12 secular (native) priests, and 87 students in their seminary at Zi-ka-wei, which is also a house of studies for Ours, as well as the place for the third probation. A number of natives has entered the Society. They are engaged in teaching and studying. We give some of their names, omiting the Chinese equivalent, Li, Wang, Gni. Tsiang, Tong, Yang, Chen, etc. The mission of Nan-King has a college for Europeans at Shanghai. Fr. Dechrevrens has charge of the Chinese meteorological observatory; Fr. Heude takes care of the government museum. In Tche-ly, there are fifty members of the Society, and 31,000 Christians. —A scholastic (Emile Berton), who is studying theology at Zi-ka-wei, writes to Mr. De Villiers of Woodstock: "The mission of Nan-King is nearly two-thirds the size of France in territory. The population is about 50 millions, and amongst these there are 101,000 Christians. For the needs of these Christians, and for the evangelization of the pagans, we have 94 priests, including 12 secular priests, natives of China, and 18 Brothers, several of whom are natives. This year we had 1239 adult baptisms, 21,371 baptisms of children

dying, and abandoned by their parents, children (of Christians) baptized 3200. In our schools, there are 10,628 pupils, Christians and pagans. There were this year, in our mission, 321,145 Communions of devotion. We have, as you can easily see, too few workers for this vast field. In our college at Shanghai, some English speaking Jesuits would be of great service, on account of the Europeans who come there.—Pray God that war between France and China may be averted, for, humanly speaking, such an event would be the ruin of the mission. The Chinese are very hostile now towards all Europeans; a war with France would exasperate them beyond measure."

CANADA.—Our Fathers have accepted a parish in Montreal, and have begun a mission in the valley of the Ottawa. The theologians (of the short course) study at Three Rivers; the philosophers, at Montreal.

ENGLAND.—Brother Foley's book, "Records of the English Province," is finished. There are about 50 novices in the novitiate in England. Fr. Clarke of the *Month* has given lectures in most of our cities.

FRANCE.—The Province of France has now its scholasticate on the isle of Jersey, at St. Helier, thirteen miles from the French coast. The "Imperial Hotel" was bought for the purpose. Ours have not been, always, even under the English flag, free from annoyance whether from individuals or from the local government. A bill was proposed in the "states" or parliament concerning: "A foreign association known under the name of the Congregation of the Society of Jesus;" in the bill an investigating (or *smelling*) committee was asked for. The papers took sides. Fr. Purbrick interested himself very much in behalf of the exiles and wrote letters to the press, invoking the common law of England in favor of our Fathers. The *Tablet* also had some articles on the subject. Finally, the whole thing went to the wall. Since then the governor paid a visit to Ours, and was kind-

ly received. The *Lettres de Jersey* give many items of interest. St. Helier is a college for boys from France, besides being a scholasticate under the patronage of St. Louis.

The Province of Lyons has its scholasticate at Mold in Wales. The house was formerly a prison. From the *Lettres de Mold*, we find many of our Fathers are working well and successfully in Egypt and Syria. There are missions at Cairo and Alexandria. At Cairo there is a college, which is well attended by the sons of the elite of the Egyptians, pashas and beys. Two colleges in Syria, and many missions, give employment to Ours, amongst whom are 7 Fathers, 6 scholastics, and a Brother, natives of the country. There are establishments at Beyreut, Aleppo, Damascus, Mount Libanus, etc. One of the letters says the English army in Egypt did not forget God. A third of the army was Catholic, served by five chaplains. A brigadier and four colonels were Catholics.

Province of Toulouse.—The exiled scholastics of this Province seem to be very well content in their new house at Uclès. This is an ancient fortified town in the province of Cuenca, in the south-eastern part of Spain. They are established in an old monastery, very generously offered for the purpose, by the Bishop of Cuenca, without charge, or other condition than the teaching of "the doctrine," as the catechism is emphatically called in Spain.

The convent has a most interesting history, having been successively in the possession of three great military orders, the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John, and the Knights of St. James. The latter made of it one of the principal strongholds of the Christians, in their protracted wars against the Moors.

An excellent photograph of the town forms the frontispiece of the first number of the *Lettres du Scholasticat d'Uclès*, an admirable view of the antique pile of the convent, with its vast proportions and massive architecture, dominating the surrounding country, and flanked by the ruined walls and heavy square towers of the ancient fortress.

The scholastics find time to do some very important work

in catechising the children of Uclès and the neighboring villages, and have instituted what seems to be an extremely efficient system of boy-catechists, who are very zealous in attracting their companions to the school, and in giving instruction during the week in what they themselves have already learned. A confraternity of the *Hermanos de San Luis Gonzaga* has also been established among the children, and missions have been given with great success. The necessities for these may be easily understood when it is said that in one case a population of 1400 souls had not heard a word of religious instruction in the church, in the shape either of sermon or catechism for fourteen years, i. e., since the expulsion of the religious orders. Yet the people are described as full of faith and of very good dispositions.

The first number of the *Lettres* contains an account of the "emigration" from Vals to Uclès, a charming history of the town and monastery that reads like some romantic page from a medieval chronicle, a number of interesting notes on the apostolic labors of the Fathers and Scholastics, letters from the novices of Toulouse, who have found a refuge at the convent of San Geronimo de Murcia, from the college of Malaga (in which a most graphic account is given of the stupid course pursued by the government in regard to examinations), from the college of Murcia, etc.

These notes only locate a portion of the members of the dispersed Provinces. The Fathers not engaged in any of the scholasticates and missions are scattered through their native country in Seminaries, Colleges and parishes. The Province of France held the Congregation in Paris.

Ireland. — The Cardinal Archbishop with the Bishops have put the Catholic University, Dublin, into the hands of our Fathers. Fr. William Dulaney is Rector Magnificus. Fr. Sturzo has been made Superior in Australia.

Italy. — The various Provinces, though dispersed, have houses in many parts of Italy. Naples has a college of Ours with 200 boys. This Province has also a novitiate. In

Rome there are many Fathers in the Gregorian University (the old Roman College that was), which is now located in the German College. There is a novitiate at Castel-Gandolfo; in it only those can be received who are not subject to conscription on account of health. Ours have houses in Mantua, Bergamo, Venice, Padua, Milan, Piacenza, etc. and are much sought after by Bishops, priests, and religious communities.—The Province of Venice has a college at Scrutari in Albania, and a novitiate, with 40 novices, at Porto Re, near Fiume, in Croatia. There is a college at Cremona with 140 students. Ours are engaged in mission work in Dalmatia, and, moreover, have some schools. The following extract from the *Lettere Edifiante*, will, no doubt, be interesting. The Fr. Paladini, whose death occurred at Casamicciola, was formerly Provincial of Naples: "A lady," writes Fr. M. M. Musto to Rev. Fr. J. Vioni, Provincial of Naples, "at Casamicciola who had lodged Fr. Joseph M. Paladini, the scholastic Joseph Jodice, and Brother Politi during the bathing season, gives the following account of their deaths by the earthquake. 'I was in conversation with the Father on the evening of the 28th, which was to be the last or the last but one of his sojourn. It was his wont to entertain my sister and myself, with the discussion of some pious subject, and on this evening, he had protracted his edifying discourse more than usual. It was about half past nine, and the scholastic Jodice had just retired to his room, when a violent wind broke open the windows and extinguished the lights. A sudden and tremendous roar was heard, and we were thrown to the opposite side of the room and buried beneath a heap of stones. As soon as our bewilderment had subsided a little, my sister and I called out to each other, and then both of us called out to Fr. Paladini. He answered with a dull, hollow groan, which lasted a few instants and was soon followed by difficult breathing, resembling the death rattle. We began to cry aloud for help and were heard by some relatives who had survived the catastrophe. They came to our aid and rescued us from the common calamity. I shall never forget the edifi-

cation given me by the extraordinary virtues of those two saints; saints, I say, in name and deed. In name, because the people looked on Fr. Paladini as a St. Joseph, and the scholastic Jodice they were pleased to call another St. Aloysius. By deed, because the former during his stay at Casamicciola proved himself a true apostle, while the latter made it a point to be seen as seldom as possible on the streets, and used to avoid very carefully any unnecessary talk. Of Brother Politi, I must say he gave such evidence of virtue, both in word and deed, that it was impossible to approach him without being influenced by it.'"

"Next day," writes Fr. A. Dionisio to Fr. J. Ferrante, "I returned to Casamicciola, in order to learn about Fr. Paladini, the scholastic Jodice and Brother Politi. When I came to the place where they were supposed to be, I mourned over the loss of these saintly men. On that very spot, I had heard Fr. Paladini's last confession only two hours before the earthquake. The corpses were, finally, taken out of the ruins, but it was forbidden to bury them. Fr. Paladini was found seated, clinging to his desk. His head was split open and his body horribly crushed. The scholastic Jodice was leaning against the bed. His head was frightfully bruised, his eyes were out of their sockets and his face horribly disfigured. Two days afterwards, Fr. Paladini was buried where he was found, and the scholastic, in the garden attached to the house. Brother Politi was disinterred by the soldiers, and buried by them very likely in a public grave-yard."

MADAGASCAR.—By the intrigues of the Protestant ministers with the premier, Ours have been forced to leave the capital of this country, where they were doing so much good. They are now at Tamatave, a town of Madagascar under French protection, or in the island of Mauritius.

MEXICO.—This country was once the garden spot of the Society. The old Provincia Mexicana numbered its hundreds of professed; but all this has been spoken of in these

LETTERS. Now the Province numbers 15 Fathers, 25 Scholastics, and 5 Brothers. Ours are allowed by President Gonzales to remain, but they must not be too prominent.—Ours have a college and seminary at Saltillo in North Central Mexico. There is a novitiate at San Juan near the Capital. The Fathers, not otherwise engaged, go from place to place, giving missions, and helping on Sundays, as priests are very few in some parts of the country districts. There is a mission also at Seguin, in Texas; the college here was closed for want of English speaking teachers, and on account of debts.

The Mexican government has done everything to destroy the Catholic religion, confiscating churches and church property, and handing over some of the churches to the Protestants. These, however, notwithstanding the aid and comfort thus received, are a failure. Bishop Reilley of Mexico was called to give an account, by the last Protestant Episcopal Convention in Philadelphia, of the moneys intrusted to him, and, to the disgust of all, said he was not ready and refused to appear. And this fact, said some of the Bishops, is a serious blow to the cause of Protestantism in the valley of Mexico.—The Methodists are no better off, as may be seen from the following extract:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

SIR: The Protestant doctrine teaches that 'the shepherd knows his sheep,' but of late the cry has arisen here among members of this mission, "who, and where is the shepherd?" And seeing that both the superintendent of the district and the pastor of this (Pachuca) church have been absent from the country for some months, it is not without reason that such a cry should be made. When this mission was started, everyone fondly hoped it would be the means of doing much good; but it is to be deplored that the only apparent good it has effected is to give employment (or rather pay) to a few lazy Mexicans, and ladies (as school teachers) seeking husbands. The pastor rejoices in the salary of $25 per week and house rent, and a grant of $100 per year for each child he happens to have; and yet

he has only resided about three months in this town for the last twelve months.

"It was also thought that Protestantism was so entirely opposed to Roman Catholicism, that the mision authorities would discountenance the holding of holidays on Roman Catholic feast-days; but to the surprise of all, these days are made an excuse for holidays in the school wherein one and all carry out the adage, 'When you are with the Romans do as the Romans do.'

"In asking you, sir, to publish this, we do not wish to cast the slightest aspersion on the mission, but we wish the authorities in America to know how their money is being spent. We may also say that the congregations of the Pachuca church have decreased 60 per cent. during the last eighteen months, and at the Real del Monte church no service has been held for over three months. Could not the Conference send out Messrs. Drees and Barker again, with an efficient staff of helpers, and find other employment for those who (while professing to teach the rising generation) make husband-catching their paramount interest here?

"In conclusion, for the enlightenment of Americans in general, we beg to say that the Methodist Episcopal mission in this country is a complete farce. Yours truly,

JOHN JONES REED,
G. WILLS."

Pachuca, Mexico, Sept. 30, 1883.

ROME. — The Congregation met in September. Father General presided at nearly all the sessions. Father Hugh Molza was the secretary. Father Antony Anderledy was elected Vicar-General of the Society, with right of succession. The following sketch from the *Georgetown College Journal*, which was furnished by one of his former pupils, will be acceptable, no doubt.

"The Very Rev. Father Antony Anderledy was born June 3, 1819, in the Canton of Valais, Switzerland. His birthplace at the pass of the Simplon, has set an Alpine trait in his character. At an early age he entered the College of

the Jesuits at Brigg, where his fine parts, especially for languages, ancient and modern, insured him a brilliant success. He left college only to cast his lot with his masters, made his noviceship at Sitten, and after his rhetoric, went to engage in the usual teaching of the Society at Freiburg. Here he devoted himself more particularly to philology and the cultivation of a pure and polished Latin style, learning the letters of Cicero by heart for this purpose. He bestowed less attention upon Greek, but urged others to obtain a mastery over this language. He studied theology at Rome under Passaglia; was banished, and together with forty other members of the Order, arrived in America in the year 1848. Being ordained in this country, he was for several years pastor of the German Catholic Church at Green Bay, Wisconsin. As soon as the Jesuits obtained a tolerable footing in Germany, he was recalled and placed in a missionary band. He was also a fellow-worker in the apostolic field with the eminent Father Hildebrand, of the secular clergy, who gave many missions in the diocese of Paderborn, Prussia. A limit was set to his zeal by a hemorrhage, which overtook him as he was one day preaching. He was then appointed Rector of the Scholastics at Cologne, a position that he continued to hold when the Scholasticate was transferred to Paderborn. He did effective work at Cologne, mainly by the spirtual exercises, which he gave to students and persons of high social position. The utterance of a man of distinguished merit and influence, with regard to Fathers Roh, Roder and Anderledy, is still remembered. When at the request of Cardinal Von Geissel, these three Fathers joined one of the public processions held in that great Catholic city, and all eyes were riveted on them, this gentleman observed: "These men exhibit in their faces a history of the world." In fact, Father Anderledy has very marked features; his eyes, especially, light up with animation to such intensity that they have been described as 'flaming.' He is of medium height and well-proportioned

"When at Paderborn, he was appointed Provincial of the Jesuits in North Germany. He continued in office for two

terms, and was then sent to fill the chair of Moral Theology at the seminary of the order established in the splendid mediæval abbey of Maria-Laach, the purchase of which he effected with singular sagacity. His success in this position may be inferred from the perfect knowledge of canon law which he possessed over and above his theological attainments, as well as from his clear, precise, trenchant method and the exquisite latinity of his style. During this time he prepared a new edition of Father Reuter's *Neo-Confessarius*, of which he also furnished the notes. He was raised to the Rectorate of Maria-Laach in 1868, and in the following year was summoned to Rome to act as Assistant for Germany. Being a thorough scholar himself, he sought to promote learning in every direction, and insisted in particular on increasing the amount and weight of authorship in the Society. In an audience given him by the Emperor of Austria, on business connected with the College of Feldkirch, he explained his ideas on education, science and kindred subjects so satisfactorily, that the sovereign declared himself anxious to have all the youth of his realm formed according to these principles.

"This is, in part, the record of the new Vicar-General, who, loved within and respected without the Society, with an intelligent and experienced eye on the century, promises to plan and achieve much,— and, we trust, for many years— *ad majorem Dei gloriam*."

Spain. — Ours are doing what they can, in colleges and by missions, always uncertain of the morrow. 'Tis strange; our college at Havana is supported by the Spanish government, because we are considered as a conservative element. But in the mother country we are driven out, at short notice, for the same reason.—The Province of Arragon has a flourishing mission in the Philippine Islands; the West Indies belong to the Province of Castile.

United States. — The New York Maryland Province held its Congregation in New York city in July. Two

things are worthy of notice, the great harmony that prevailed, and the manner in which all knowledge of the meeting and its proceedings was kept from the public. Father Joseph E. Keller and Father Robert W. Brady were chosen Electors; the alternates were Father Peter O. Racicot, Fr. James Perron, Fr. Bernard A. Maguire. The Electors departed for Rome at the end of August. Fr. Edward Higgins was the Elector for the Province of Missouri, Fr. Rudolph Meyer, alternate.—The October devotions, recommended by the Holy Father, were very well attended; it was like a mission in some places. In Boston, our churches were crowded. "The letter of the Cardinal, proclaiming his Holiness' desire, that the faithful be urged to special devotion during the month of October," says a Boston letter, "has produced a profound impression everywhere in this section; and you would think there was a mission going on in all the churches. In ours, every day, at the boys' Mass, there is a Sunday congregation, and at the evening service the place is full. Last Sunday we had well on to two thousand Communions."

Ecclesiastical.—These facts were compiled by one of the Scholastics at Woodstock for Fr. Ramière:—Archbishops in the United States, 12; Bishops, 50; Vicars-Apostolic, 8; Prefects-Apostolic 1; Regu'r Priests, 1500; Secu'r Priests, 4250; Sisters, 31,000; Brothers, 3200; Catholic population, 8,000,000.

Pueblo, Colorado. — At a meeting here of a literary society composed of lawyers and other professional men, nearly all Protestants, it was voted that the Jesuits have deserved well of the civilized world, especially in regard to higher education.

The city council, at the urgent request of the state superintendent of education, resolved to found a college for the the Jesuits, rather than for the Presbyterians who were mentioned in that connection.

UPPER GERMANY. — This dispersed Province has four houses in Holland; a juniorate, novitiate, a house for the philosophers, and a residence. The house of the third probation and the scholasticate of the theologians are in England. The *Stimmen* is still edited in Holland, and has been pronounced one of the best reviews in Europe. The Fathers have a residence at Hamburg, and are doing work in other parts of Germany and in Switzerland. They have a college at Feldkirch, in Austria. Maria-Laach, the once famous scholasticate, is still in our hands. This Province has also a college and many missions in Brazil, Fathers scattered through Chili and Peru, three colleges and some residences in India, two colleges and five residences in the United States. The missions of the Germans in Denmark and Sweden are doing well, and there have been some very remarkable conversions. We have a college in Copenhagen, attended by sixty students of the best families. One of Ours took the grand competitive prize offered by the University of Copenhagen.

HOME NEWS.—Fr. Peter O. Racicot was installed Rector of this house of studies on Nov. 25th. Our community numbers 193 members, the largest, perhaps, in the Society. —The class of matin dogma is reading the treatise *De Deo Uno et Trino;* the vesper reading is *De Ecclesia.* The monthly disputations will be held on the 14th and 15th of December. We have two books in press, one, *De Deo Uno et Trino* by Fr. de Augustinis; the other, *Theologia Moralis* by Fr. Sabetti. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is also printed and published here. A new series—the fourth—will commence with the January number.

NOTICE.

We ask for items, to fill up this department of the LETTERS. Communications, scraps from papers, letters, giving news, will always be acceptable. On account of the Jubilee number and the other demands made upon our press by the

works mentioned above, our issue is later this time than usual.

We hope that Superiors of the different houses will give us pecuniary aid, not only to meet current expenses, but also to undertake some works connected with the history of the Province.

Correction.

Mention was made in the account of the mission at Damariscotta, Maine, of a pious lady, Miss Winifred Kavanagh. Her brother was the Governor of Maine and afterwards Minister to Portugal; it was not her father who had this honor, as was stated before. The good lady died recently. During her life-time, she gave $50,000 to the charities of the diocese of Portland.

The General Congregation, the members of which were given on pages 346 and 347, ended on the 26th of October. Fr. William Blanchard was elected Assistant for France; Fr. Gaspar Hoevel, for Germany; Fr. John Joseph De la Torre, for Spain; Fr. Joseph E. Keller, for England; Fr. Matthew Ciravegna, for Italy. All these Fathers have been Provincials.

D. O. M.

Our Colleges in the United States, 1882-3

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	STUD'S	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.....	Loyola College*....	Md. N. Y.	101	
Boston, Mass.....	Boston College*....	Md. N. Y.	228	13
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Canisius College...	Germany	248	6
Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius Coll.*	Missouri	249	
Cincinnati, O.....	St. Xavier College*	"	284	9
Detroit, Mich.....	Detroit College* ..	"	186	7
Fordham, N. Y....	St. John's College..	Md. N. Y.	268	8
Georgetown, D. C..	Georgetown College	"	216	11
Grand Coteau, La..	St. Charles College.	N. O. Miss.	113	
Jersey City, N. J...	St. Peter's College*	Md. N. Y.	83	
Las Vegas, N. M...	Las Vegas College.	Naples	242	
Milwaukee, Wis...	Marquette College*	Missouri	138	
New York, N. Y...	St. Francis X. Coll.*	Md. N. Y.	372	9
New Orleans, La...	Imm. Concep. Coll.*	N. O. Miss.	318	4
Omaha, Nebraska..	Creighton College*	Missouri	269	
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.....	Coll. Sacred Heart	Germany	91	
Santa Clara, Cal...	Santa Clara College	Turin	243	1
San Francisco, Cal.	St. Ignatius Coll*..	"	710	1
St. Louis, Mo.....	St. Louis University	Missouri	308	6
St. Mary's, Kansas.	St. Mary's College..	"	284	
Spring Hill, Ala...	St. Joseph's College	N. O. Miss.	156	4
Washington, D. C..	Gonzaga College*..	Md. N. Y.	135	
Worcester, Mass...	Coll.of the H'y Cross	"	162	17

*Day College.

Students, total number, 1881-2, 5082
" " " 1882-3, 5794
Graduates, A. B, 1881-2, 107
" " 1882-3, 96

We hope some day to give the number of children in our parochial schools, where the most good is done for the people.

It would be interesting to know the number of churches and souls under our care — Data on all these points will be very acceptable.

The colleges are all better attended this year. ED.

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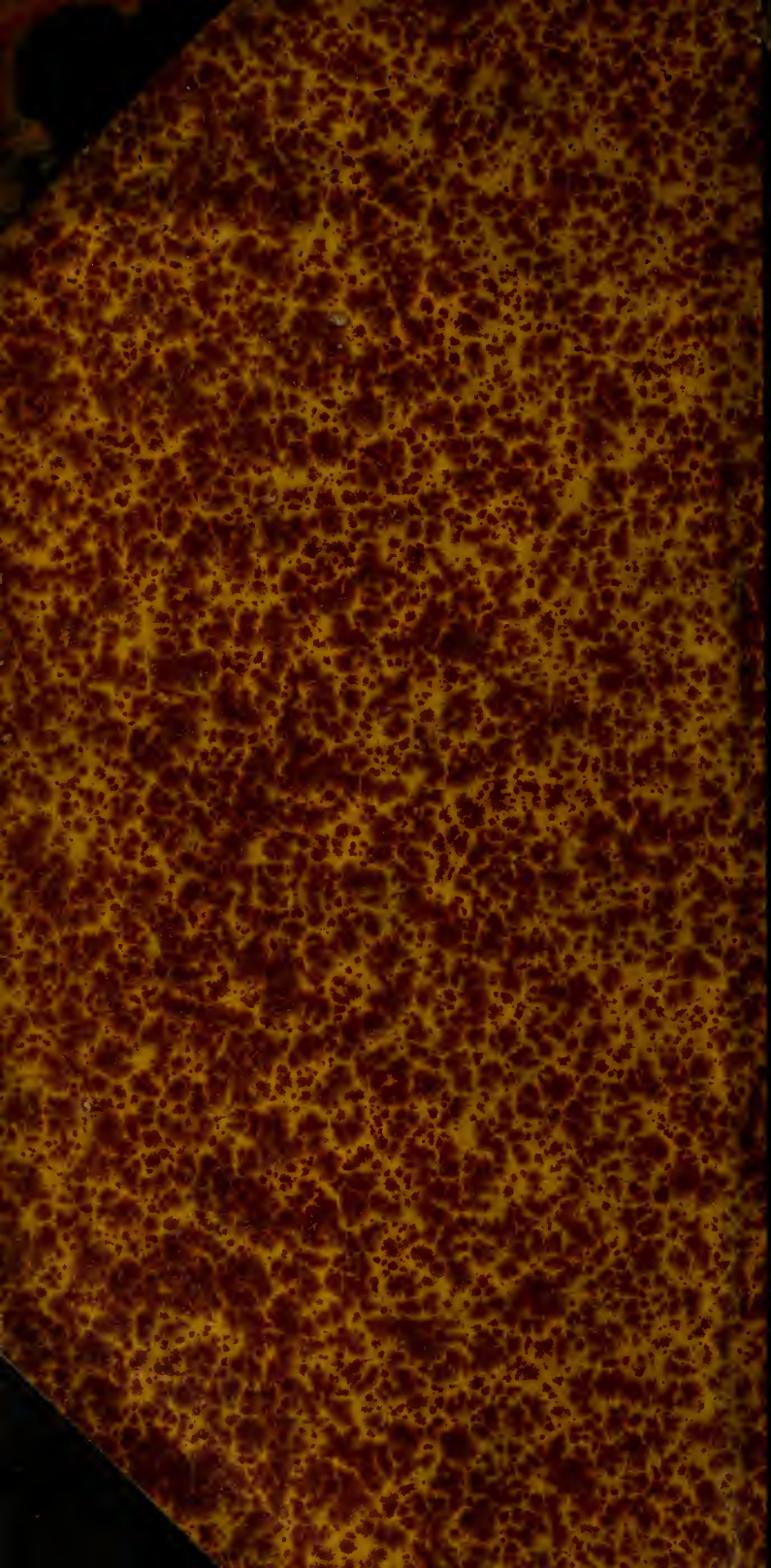
Ministeria Spiritualia Provinciae Marylandiae, Neo Eboracensis, a 1ª Julii, 1882, ad 1am Julii, 1883.

	Baptism.	Confession.	Communion.	Communion. infirm.	Hæret. conv.	Matrim.	Extr. Unct.	Concion.	Exhort.	Sodalitat.	Sodales.	Visit. infirm.	Visit. xenod.	Visit. carcer.	Catecheses.	Par. ad 1 Comm.	Par. ad Conf.	Puer. in schol. par.	Puell. in schol. par.	Schol. Dominic.	Alumn. Convict.	Alumn. extern.
Alexandria,	78	9137	9650	119	14	16	63	90	35	2	150	894	10	...	90	71	...	70	60	250	...	...
Baltimore,	46	32550	33716	292	20	23	26	167	186	10	750	758	8	250	40	115	5	...	...	300	...	98
Bohemia,	29	1312	1200	20	4	6	10	108	80	...	....	40	...	...	104	24	38	...	...	60	...	...
Boston College,	...	54746	79340	972	64	....	756	129	166	9	1200	744	862	13	348	305	484	...	...	1350	...	230
" St. Mary's	358	77493	91919	596	55	111	432	137	287	10	3500	1173	5	4	2143	349	235	800	700	500	...	...
" Missionaries,	25	95000	128659	....	110	72	...	1273	...	...	....	30	188	1	...	860	2390	...	...	....	...	...
" H. Trinity,	246	22292	20150	202	3	46	101	80	132	6	2930	126	15	...	220	79	90	190	230	....	...	...
Conewago,	130	24830	32900	144	12	36	73	319	66	11	1395	201	...	...	498	236	...	352	340	590	...	...
Fordham,	62	23528	31362	103	7	8	48	192	94	6	160	128	21	...	878	73	2	...	...	200	234	42
Frederick,	163	13000	18172	71	48	34	55	228	46	4	196	182	35	2	505	73	211	50	50	384	...	...
Georgetown College,	...	7685	1500	19	2	....	8	155	9	2	70	21	...	...	20	20	...	...	...	....	176	40
" H. Trinity,	174	19645	20000	390	7	29	63	92	104	6	1563	1130	...	80	...	79	...	150	160	600	...	...
Goshenhoppen,	64	5030	5000	60	5	12	23	100	60	6	70	50	...	...	125	21	...	...	...	100	...	...
Jersey City,	404	36376	33620	450	14	88	153	88	62	13	1728	995	...	...	100	221	...	402	401	1200	...	83
Leonardtown,	349	20000	15000	245	23	49	126	207	70	4	300	295	...	1	...	250	...	70	...	160	...	...
New York, St. Francis Xavier's	338	118702	138706	1318	62	259	500	356	203	11	23305	2295	131	18	2570	329	246	585	500	2200	...	370
" Islands,	993	23664	.....	5960	68	14	2329	183	400	...	....	....	1910	1200	150	255	168	...	...	....	...	...
" St. Joseph's,	302	38500	21200	510	15	46	127	155	126	4	250	390	...	...	124	2	...	200	300	600	...	...
" St. Laurence's,	265	52073	70000	541	12	53	175	270	200	10	2000	610	...	1	110	315	...	300	300	600	...	...
Philadelphia, Gesu,	142	70951	74577	438	52	66	216	227	62	4	4000	972	150	30	52	146	...	200	200	800	...	...
" St. Joseph's,	175	52151	51000	700	45	108	254	122	140	5	1250	3553	57	41	...	204	171	75	250	1000	...	...
Providence,	199	22653	26800	355	9	58	141	48	119	7	2625	770	12	5	40	131	...	...	460	700	...	...
St. Inigoes',	87	5452	2600	470	24	28	90	120	...	...	....	145	3	...	60	40	...	...	...	....	...	...
St. Thomas',	168	4000	3800	250	32	22	95	112	200	4	400	500	22	20	...	140	...	...	...	....	...	...
Troy,	393	46779	38381	626	11	55	356	520	116	9	3375	857	64	10	100	267	...	460	550	1100	...	...
Washington, St. Aloysius',	160	30360	38000	468	16	45	374	138	206	5	2000	430	10	20	70	349	661	120	470	1100	...	...
" St. Joseph's,	61	8370	9158	94	6	3	43	71	80	4	217	264	53	...	200	6	54	56	66	....	...	...
West Park,	4	850	575	4	2	1	8	8	...	...	....	18	...	...	254	37	15	...	...	184	...	...
Whitemarsh,	165	2309	2000	45	38	21	29	38	66	2	130	66	...	...	62	37	...	...	...	21	...	...
Woodstock,	24	6572	2100	36	18	9	27	109	15	3	79	153	...	...	317	21	20	...	...	127	...	...
Worcester,	...	4427	6500	37	...	....	18	125	...	2	78	50	...	...	89	...	4	...	...	....	162	17
Summa,	5604	930437	1007585	15535	798	1318	6719	5967	3330	159	53721	17840	3556	1696	9269	5055	4794	4080	5037	14126	572	880

Missiones habitæ, 29. Exercit. Spir., 14, Sacerdot. trad; 169, Religios, etc.

Nom des Communes	Chevaux	Bœufs et Taureaux	Vaches	Génisses	Porcs	Moutons et Chèvres	Ruches d'abeilles